EPT. 7,
1940

Liberty 5¢

PENDERGAST IS FREE!

n Inside Story of Kansas City After the Clean-up

WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR EDWARD AND WALLIE?

"That's My Riding Habit!"

Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM

The Sign of Friendly Service

And it's the habit of 1½ million motorists daily to stop at the Red Horse Sign. Reason: Mobilgas and Mobiloil deliver *all* good gasoline and oil qualities in *full* measure!

IT'S A *GOOD* HABIT . . . stopping at that Red Horse Sign. There, you're sure of your money's worth in gasoline!

For Mobilgas is made to give you *all* good gasoline qualities—not just one or two. It's made to meet *every* demand of your modern, fast-firing motor—in traffic or on the road.

It atomizes instantly, fires evenly, burns completely. Every drop is scientifically clean . . . *all* pep and power!

No matter what you ask—quick starts; smooth getaway; or long, low-cost mileage—you get it in *balanced* Mobilgas!

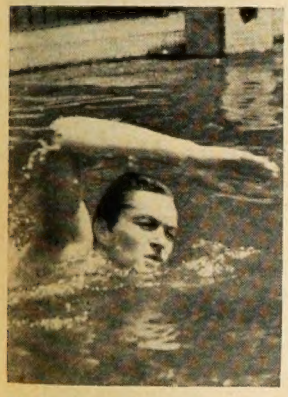
1. Quick starts despite cool engine.
2. Fast warm-up—rapid acceleration.
3. Freedom from vapor-lock—no stalls.
4. Minimum crankcase oil dilution.
5. High anti-knock value.
6. Cleanliness—freedom from gum.
7. Full, smooth power under all conditions.
8. Long mileage—economical operation.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.
AND AFFILIATES: Magnolia Petroleum Co.—General Petroleum Corporation of California.

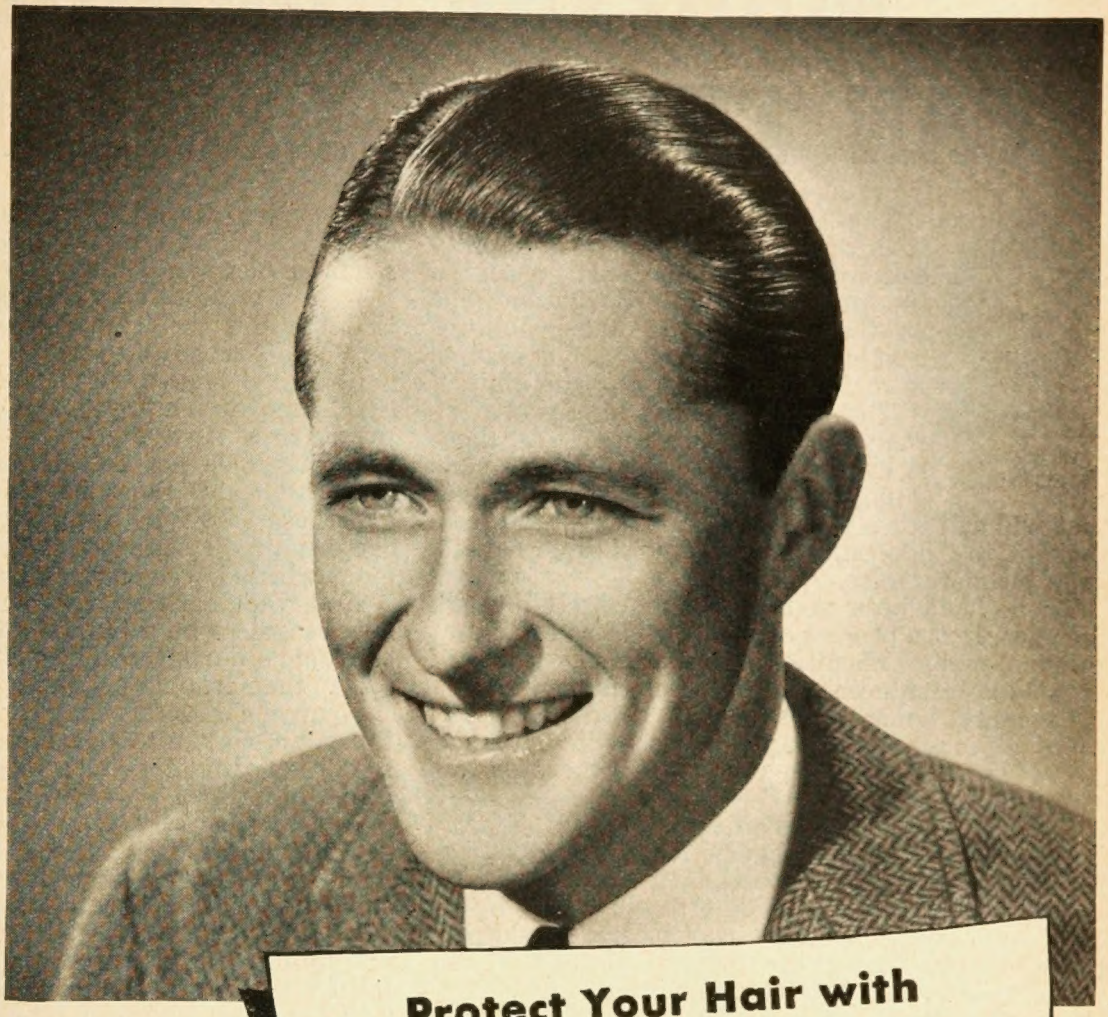
Baking Sun-Drenching Water

leave your Hair parched and lifeless!

Scorching sun parches your hair—makes it dry and lifeless.



Water increases harm, and washes away the remaining scalp oils.

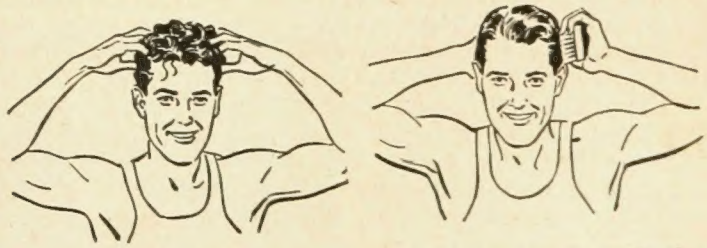


AN AFTERNOON of invigorating exercise under the summer sun does wonders for your health. But what a toll it can take of your hair! For the fiery rays of the sun bake your hair—make it dull and brittle. Then a swim or shower adds to the damage—drenches your hair—washes away needed scalp oils!

Protect your hair with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout". Massage Vitalis briskly onto your scalp. Feel the pleasant tingling as circulation increases. Your parched scalp loses its tightness—becomes supple. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis supplement the natural scalp oils—give your hair a rich, handsome lustre! See how easy it is to comb your hair . . . how neatly it stays in place. There's no objectionable "patent-leather" look either!

Get a bottle of Vitalis today at your druggist's. Let Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" keep your hair attractive—help you keep your hair healthy and handsome despite sun and water.

Protect Your Hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"



1 **50 Seconds to Rub**—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2 **10 Seconds to Comb and Brush**—Hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" helps keep Hair Healthy and Handsome

VITALIS SEALTUBE

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis comes only in the sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. *Insist on Sealtubes!*

SEPTEMBER 7, 1940

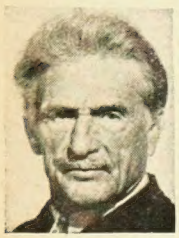
Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 36

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

MARITAL HORRORS—CAN THEY BE REMEDIED?



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The founders of our nation realized well what domestic tranquillity can mean in its national sense. In the preamble our Constitution tells us that one of the responsibilities that our government should assume is to "insure domestic tranquillity."

The home and the family are the foundations of any people. As there is every evidence that this nation is going forward into troubled times that will call for a supreme test, it is well to give a thought to "domestic tranquillity" in another, its most intimate sense.

There have been marital squabbles all through the ages. In the process of making "two hearts beat as one" many difficulties appear. In any group of people an outstanding leader usually appears.

In every home the strongest character dominates, although the struggle to discover who is the "boss" sometimes brings difficulties more or less serious in character.

Love is a mighty harmonizing force. Under the influence of romantic imagery, features termed uncomely are often envisioned in a halo of beauty.

But nothing is permanent. "I will love you forever" is a romantic hallucination, and fervid protestations like "I will die for you" represent emotional heights that are transient in duration. They burn out quickly.

Detailed analysis is much in favor at this time, and the love emotion should not be an exception; and such investigation tells us that the blissful raptures of romantic emotionalism serve the practical purpose of perpetuating the race.

But be careful—too much research may steal some of the associated mystical charms.

We must not forget that selfishness is an outstanding human characteristic and happiness is our greatest objective. We fall in love with the object of blissful experiences, and as long as these enchanting raptures are freely dispensed there is harmony in the household. But when serious trouble appears, happiness flies out the window. The soul is often blinded with distrust and suspicion.

Then the horrors of marriage really appear.

One who can enjoy life with the vivid keenness that soars to the extreme heights of ecstatic delight may also endure the pangs of agonizing sorrow to a similar degree of intensity.

It is a strange characteristic of human nature that our dearest friends or our loved ones often turn and become our worst enemies. Such inclinations are undoubtedly elemental, although education, modern culture, often removes this tendency to return to savagery.

Marriage is not for invalids. At least normal physical health must be associated with mating, and those who fail to maintain normal vital vigor are penalized by the loss of the enthralling bewitchment which is the source of all marital ties.

And when such an alarming change takes place, love ceases to be a blinding force and the victims of Cupid's darts begin to pick flaws in each other . . . then trouble begins.

Neutral characters may compromise and manage to "get along," although high-strung, nervous personalities often encounter arguments more or less harsh in nature.

And the remedy . . . in some cases a short separation; although the quarrel-and-make-up habit is the usual procedure, but when too long continued, final separation can rarely be avoided.

Now, there is one outstanding requirement in maintaining a happy home . . . to insure the intimate domestic tranquillity that a vigorous nation demands . . . and that is the maintenance of normal health. The same physical attractions that bring together a romantic pair should be maintained, and that demands a thorough understanding of the various requirements in maintaining a wholesome, clean, healthy body.

When a husband continuously follows a sedentary occupation, he often becomes soft and pudgy or thin and irritable. When a wife spends her time slothfully—bridge, dining and wining—she often becomes fat and flabby. And when both ignore the necessity for health-building activities, marital troubles more or less serious are just a little way ahead. They can rarely be avoided, and the easy smooth serenity of a happy home is often lost forever.

Bernarr Macfadden

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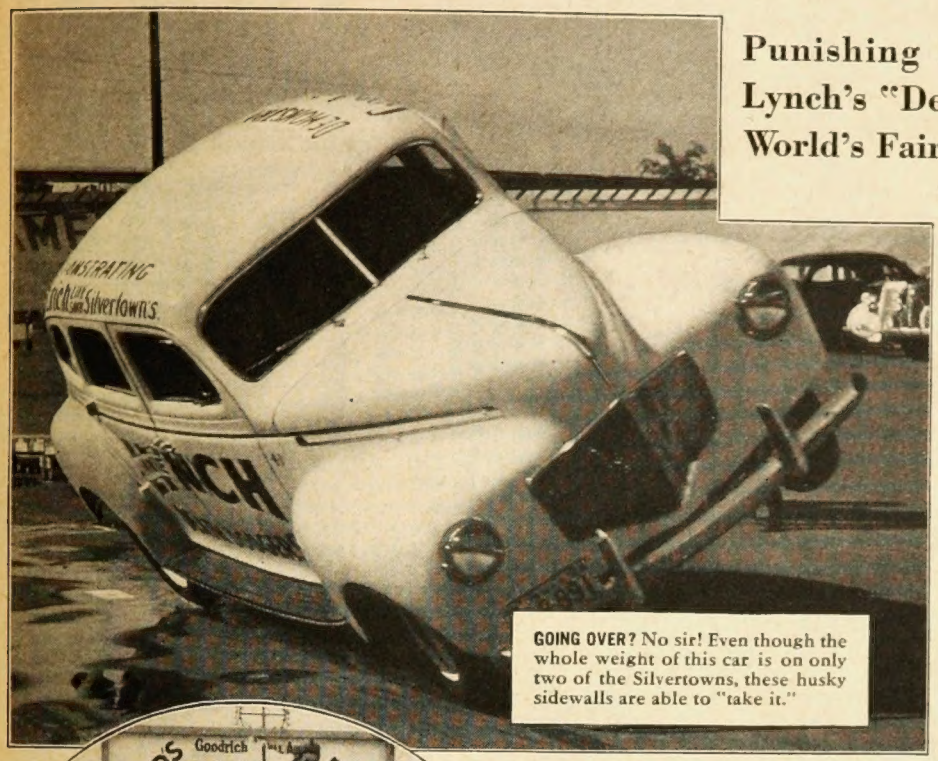
"High-Jumps" and Hair-Raising Stops Show How New Tire Saves Lives!



GOING OVER? No sir! Even though the whole weight of this car is on only two of the Silvertowns, these husky sidewalls are able to "take it."

Punishing Performances by Jimmie Lynch's "Death Dodgers" at New York World's Fair, Show Why You'll Be Safer On Silvertowns

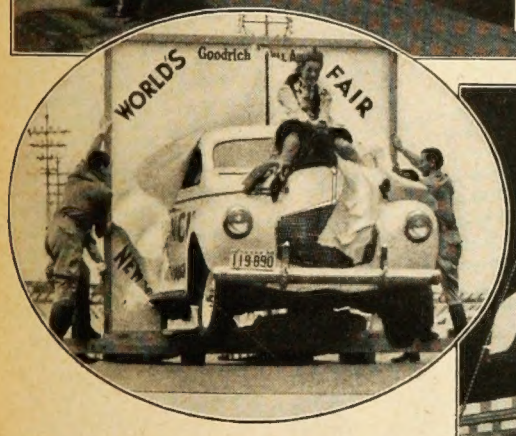
CARS hurtling into space! Tires smacking concrete! Fast stops that leave the crowds gasping.

It's spectacular, of course, but what is most important, it's a living, thrilling demonstration that "You'll be safer on Silvertowns." Here the Life-Saver Tread shows how its "windshield-wiper" road-drying action will give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had.

You see the tougher, stronger Silvertown carcass take smashing blows from a car actually falling in the air. This same carcass, remember, has in every ply the heat-resisting construction pioneered in the famous Golden Ply that is noted for *maximum resistance* to high-speed blow-outs. These specially treated, heat-resisting "Life-Saver" plies give you greater safety every day you drive.

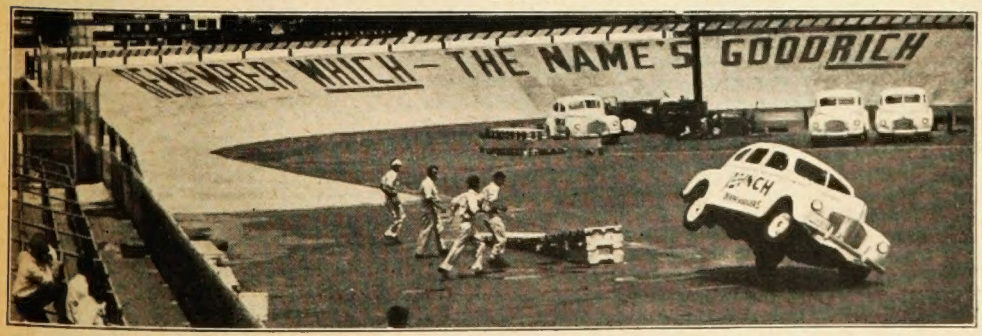
You'll never give your tires anywhere near this punishment. But wouldn't it give you peace-of-mind to know this safety is under your car?

Get your Silvertowns now. If it's not convenient to pay cash, take advantage of the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

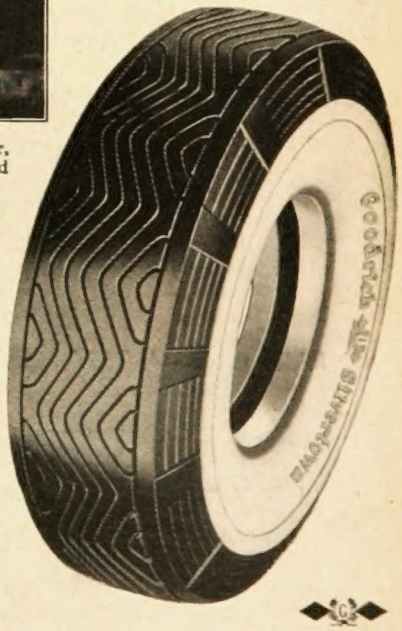


ONLY 3 INCHES TO SPARE! That's all the space between running board and iron bars of paper hoop as Betty Middleton rides on hood of a Jimmie Lynch car. That's *precision* driving!

HOLD EVERYTHING! A fast run up the jump, a leap into the air, and 3000 pounds of flying weight fall squarely on the tires! And in a few minutes these Silvertowns are ready to do it again!



THEY PUT THEIR FAITH IN SILVERTOWNS. Every day Jimmie Lynch's daredevils put cars through death-defying paces. You may never ask as much from tires, but you do need this safety.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertowns

In the election of 1934 four persons were shot down in broad daylight.

PART ONE—A TEST FOR DEMOCRACY

IN the fall of 1938 Liberty published a series of four articles entitled Thunder Over Kansas City.

In that series it was charged—and shown—that a key city of the Middle West was a machine-ridden, politically decadent community whose officials coddled murderers, rapists, prostitutes, and gangsters; that its citizens were regularly stripped of their sacred right to cast an honest ballot; and that its police department was a working alliance between the law and the underworld, with the underworld exercising final authority.

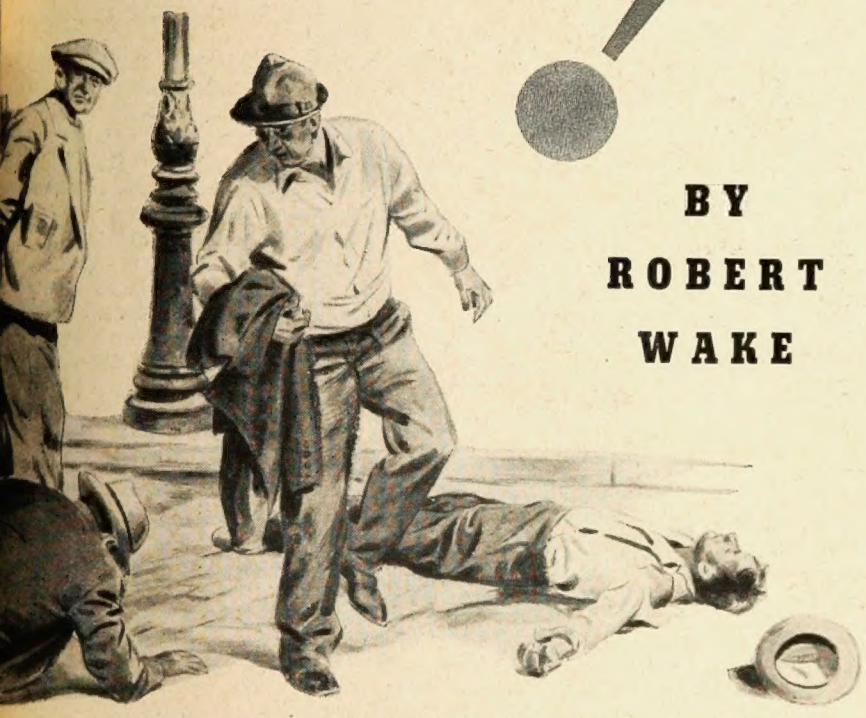
Heading this indecent machine was a corrupt and conscienceless and highly popular old Irishman. His name was Thomas Joseph Pendergast. As this is written, he has completed a mild and long overdue prison sentence. He now faces a new federal indictment on charges of obstructing justice. His freedom may be short-lived.

The final blow to his machine fell as late as April of this year, when decent citizens who had squirmed helplessly under thirty years of misrule rose wrathfully and, in an amendment election, reclaimed their city. They tossed out of City Hall (a three-million-dollar den of thievery that had been built of Boss Pendergast's Ready-Mixed Concrete) the last remnants of an obscene machine dictatorship.

For that specific victory, Kansas

PENDERGAST IS FREE

An inside story of Kansas City after the clean-up—What is going to happen now?



BY ROBERT WAKE

City can thank its housewives, its women citizens. Their triumph was, without question, the most glorious vindication of women's right to vote that has yet been demonstrated in America.

Thirty-odd years ago Thomas J. Pendergast was a saloonkeeper. As late as the year 1935 he was able to wager *two million dollars* on the horses and to afford to lose—as he did—$600,000 of it. That may give you some idea of the power that he attained.

In our proclaimed and sincere love for democracy we need to do something more than look with dread upon the despots in foreign lands. We will be wise to keep an eye on the tyrants at home, too. For Thomas Joseph Pendergast, ex-saloonkeeper, bookies' delight, millionaire family man, Knight Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy, was an absolute dictator, a scheming and traitorous old tyrant who, for private gain and power, tossed poison into the wellsprings of democracy.

Today he is a politically crippled and physically tottering old man who was joined in prison by some of his thieving stooges, including Otto P. Higgins, who once wore custom-made suits when he was not bedecked in his uniform as director of Kansas City's corrupt police.

That democracy ultimately triumphed (but at what cost!) is obvious. But that democracy cannot withstand many Thomas Pendergasts should be equally obvious.

More than a quarter of a century ago, by the simple process of controlling votes and jobs in Kansas City's tough First Ward, Thomas Pendergast got his first taste of power. He liked it and his rule-by-greed spread until it encompassed the entire city. Later he had a grasping finger in every county in Missouri. Finally his domination spread out state-wide. Even in the very capital of Missouri, Jefferson City, his strong hands pushed into the swivel chairs of high office men who would do his bidding.

He could—and he did—control city officials, county prosecutors and judges, state legislators and office-holders, and at least one governor of Missouri. Many of these worthies at the state Capitol adorned their office walls with "Uncle Tom's" picture. There is more than a hint of evidence that in his heyday he was able to throw his weight around in official Washington. Why not? He controlled 100,000 votes.

When the investigation of Pendergast got under way, it was stymied for a while. Two high officials who had set out on Pendergast's trail were later to complain that they found themselves temporarily blocked by "influences" in the nation's capital.

Pendergast even had his own champion in Washington—Harry S. Truman, a former obscure county judge whom he had kicked all the way upstairs to the United States Senate.

The WPA bought some of Pendergast's concrete, one of its biggest orders being for the runways at Kansas City's Municipal Airport.

Kansas City itself was bled dry by Pendergast and his machine. Pendergast sold the city its oil and cement and liquor. He removed its garbage—for $6.85 a ton—and his small-fry jobholders did the weighing. He sold county institutions baby beef. He and his ex-convict lieutenants protected vice and gambling, and when not occupied with cutting the salaries of the city employees who held bread-and-butter jobs, or chiseling them for campaign contributions, they were busily devising ingenious schemes for robbing the taxpayers.

The business men were afraid to yelp about the machine. The average citizens couldn't vote it off their backs. It threw their votes out.

For those of Pendergast's puppet officials who shared with the boss the rich gravy of graft there can be

United States Attorney Maurice Milligan, who cracked down on Pendergast's election frauds.

nothing but contempt. They knew—possibly excepting a few incompetents—what they were doing. We'll get around to them later.

For the little fellows—the machine voters and some of the 400-odd precinct captains—it is possible to come up with a measure of sympathy. The jobs and favors doled out to them represented not luxuries, not prestige, but bread for their families. And Pendergast, who slashed their wages and exacted contributions of them and kicked them around when it served his purpose, had sold them to the hilt on the necessity for "party loyalty."

And they *were* loyal, heaven knows. But it was a one-way loyalty. While they sang the boss' praises for a ready-made job or a few lumps of coal, he could in a single year afford to risk two million dollars in cold cash on the horses.

How did he get that kind of money? With the power that the votes of these little fellows had given him—in return for the coal he gave them.

Let's get down to cases:

On December 30, 1929, a group of fire-insurance companies doing business in the State of Missouri served notice on Joseph B. Thompson, who was then State Superintendent of Insurance, that they intended to increase their rates by more than 16 per cent.

Thompson promptly refused to allow the increase.

The insurance companies nonetheless began to collect these increased rates from their policyholders. What is more, they sought by legal proceedings in the Circuit Court of Cole County, Missouri, and in the District Court for the Western District of Missouri, to prevent the State Superintendent from interfering with the collection.

The result, of course, was a legal snarl. Superintendent of Insurance Thompson, in effect, said: "You can't raise your rates." The insurance companies, in effect, replied: "We can, we have, and we're collecting."

The part of the courts in this situation was to determine who was right. If Thompson was, then the money being collected from the policyholders would have to be restored to them. If the insurance companies were, then they were entitled to keep it. Or a compromise, whereby the companies kept some of the money and returned the rest, might be the final decision of the courts.

In any event, it was important that the money be available when a decision was handed down. The courts ordered it impounded until a final decision had been reached.

By 1935 the impounded money in the Federal Court alone totaled more than $9,000,000. And still there was no decision concerning who was entitled to that pot of gold. The insurance companies couldn't touch it. The policyholders couldn't, either. The money was frozen.

Thomas Pendergast knew of it. What is more, he seems to have been of the opinion that he could "unfreeze" it. Subsequent happenings would indicate that he laid his plans early and carefully.

In 1933 the Governor of Missouri was Guy Brasfield Park. The record shows that he was picked for the job in 1932 by Thomas Pendergast. He had been an eleventh-hour choice. During the 1932 campaign the Democratic nominee for governor had been Park's friend, Francis Murray Wilson. Three weeks before Election Day Wilson had suddenly died. Tom Pendergast had picked Park, an obscure judge, to take Wilson's place.

There's where the little fellows who had received scuttles of coal from Thomas Pendergast came in. They dutifully voted for Boss Tom's candidate—and Park became Governor of Missouri.

NOW, one of the powers of the governor was to appoint men to state jobs, such as the job of Superintendent of Insurance that had been held by Joseph B. Thompson. To succeed Thompson, Pendergast chose Robert Emmett O'Malley.

O'Malley was a bristling Irishman with a lash for a tongue. His career in Kansas City began in the early 1900s, when he was manager of a cigar company branch. In 1915 he established his own company, which he ran for ten years. He was an election commissioner for the machine in 1918-21. He was recommended for the Kansas City postmastership and was turned down by President Wilson. Earlier he had been a Missouri legislator and had served as treasurer of the Jackson County Democratic Committee. He was machine right down to the ground.

In 1926 O'Malley became general agent for a large insurance company. He was that for seven years. Perhaps the experience qualified him for the job of State Superintendent of Insurance; perhaps not. Anyhow, Pendergast wanted him to have that important state office. And Pendergast had backed Governor Park. The governor (with the best of intentions, perhaps) appointed O'Malley to the post on July 1, 1933.

Meanwhile the long-drawn-out legal battle concerning that nine-million-dollar jack pot was dragging on.

On January 13, 1935—a Sunday—Robert E. O'Malley, Superintendent of Insurance and pal of Pendergast, went to St. Louis. He registered at the Coronado Hotel, Rooms 925 and 926. There he had a visitor—A. L. McCormack, a St. Louis insurance man who was then president of the Missouri Insurance Agents Association.

O'Malley and McCormack discussed the insurance rate litigation. O'Malley asked McCormack if the insurance companies would like to settle the affair and release the impounded money.

"I think they would," said McCormack.

Would they be willing to pay some one for helping them arrive at such a settlement?

McCormack proceeded cautiously. "I can't answer for the companies," he replied, "but I'll be glad to place any suggestions or proposals you may have before Mr. Street in Chicago."

Mr. Street was Charles R. Street, then vice-president of the Great American Insurance Company and representative of all of the insurance companies whose premium collections had been impounded. He was a hard-headed, plain-spoken, and resourceful man who had once defined co-operation as "agreeing to do what I say."

O'Malley, the day of his conference with McCormack, also was plain-spoken. "Any settlement," he said, "will have to be arranged through Thomas J. Pendergast."

Now, here was an interesting situation. Thomas J. Pendergast had no more legitimate connection with that nine million dollars of impounded money than you or I. Yet such was his power that the companies, whether they knew it or not, could not get any part of the money they had collected without coming to him.

AFTER the meeting with O'Malley, McCormack, who was a go-between, hurried to Chicago to deliver the ultimatum to Charles Street, who said he would be delighted to confer with Pendergast.

A meeting was — as the phrase goes—arranged. Pendergast came to Chicago. The meeting was held in McCormack's room (1475-W) in the Palmer House on January 23, 1935. There were the customary introductions. The policyholders were without representation. Street bluntly told Pendergast that the insurance companies wished to settle the drawn-out litigation—if a settlement favorable to them could be arranged.

"I think," said Pendergast, in effect, "that I can persuade officials of the State of Missouri that the settlement you suggest would be advisable—provided I receive satisfactory payment for my services."

"How much would such a deal cost?" asked Street.

"Make me an offer," said Pendergast.

"Two hundred thousand dollars," suggested Street.

Pendergast shook his head. "I wouldn't touch it for that price."

There was more discussion. Pendergast said he was prepared to return immediately to Missouri and put pressure on Superintendent of Insurance O'Malley and other state officials concerned, but he would need more money for these labors.

Street raised the ante to half a million dollars. Pendergast accepted. He promised that the litigation would soon be ended and a compromise effected whereby Mr. Street's insurance companies would come out with a lion's share of the impounded money.

Before Pendergast left the hotel room, he telephoned to his secretary, Bernard Gnefkow, in Kansas City, and instructed Gnefkow to place a man-sized bet on a certain horse. He offered to pay McCormack for the long-distance phone call. McCormack tactfully refused to be paid.

Two months passed. Nothing much happened. The nine million dollars remained frozen. Street concluded that he wasn't getting action because he hadn't made the proposition sufficiently attractive to Pendergast.

There was another conference—Street, McCormack, and the boss from Kansas City—in the Stevens Hotel in Chicago. This time Street offered Pendergast $750,000. Pendergast accepted. Things began, in their crooked fashion, to move.

STREET reported to the insurance companies he represented that he believed he could effect a compromise favorable to them. One insurance company executive asked him how he was going to do it. "I don't believe," he snapped, "that a town hall meeting is the way to accomplish it. Are you men willing to trust me to effect this compromise?"

The executives said they were. Street said he would need money for "counsel and other legal expenses." He got it—more than $100,000. He intended to use $50,000 of it for a quick "down payment" to Pendergast.

Once again we have a pregnant situation. Big business, in the form of scores of prominent insurance companies, was, consciously or unconsciously, going into a back alley to indulge in a little bribery with a political boss who bought, sold, and influenced public officials by the score.

The courts later held the companies and their officials blameless. Onus was placed on Street, the representative. He's now dead and, barring a psychic miracle, won't talk back. Nevertheless, the companies readily gave him huge sums of money for his illegal "legal expenses." They didn't ask questions or, if they did, didn't demand answers. They trusted him. In a skeptical and avaricious world such an act of faith deserves recording.

Street summoned McCormack, the go-between. On the afternoon of May 9, 1935, he gave McCormack $50,000 in currency. This was in Street's office in Chicago. McCormack checked out of his hotel that same afternoon, drove to the Chicago airport, and caught a plane to Kansas City, arriving about two hours later.

From the Kansas City Municipal Airport he drove directly to a small brick two-story building beyond the city's business district. Up a flight of stairs he carried his $50,000 to a second-floor waiting room.

The record does not show whether he did any waiting, but it is very unlikely that he did. We can assume that he was ushered at once into the private back office of Thomas J. Pendergast.

Now, that building into which McCormack went is located at 1908 Main Street, Kansas City. It is nominally the Jackson County Democratic Club. It was then the headquarters of Pendergast and his machine. In its crowded waiting room, on a normal day, sat scores of men eager to be ushered into the presence of the boss. These men might be senators seeking a favor or hungry bums seeking a dime. The latter might be called in first if the boss was in a whimsical mood.

Charles Vincenzo (the Wop) Carollo, who assessed the gamblers of Kansas City in its wide-open days a good-sized lug, and carried it dutifully to Pendergast, once complained that when he went to visit the boss at 1908 Main Street, he was often kept sitting with his hat in his hand in the outer waiting room. But this happened, he observed, only when he came to pay his respects or ask a favor for some fellow hoodlum in the toils of the law. When he came with money to turn over to Pendergast, he got the call over even senators and was shown right in.

THIS, then, was 1908 Main Street, Tom Pendergast's headquarters. For nearly two decades it was more truly the Capitol of the State of Missouri than the far more elaborate structure at Jefferson City.

Mr. McCormack, on that May afternoon in 1935, delivered to Mr. Pendergast in his private office $50,000. It was in currency. Pendergast stipulated that all payments made to him—even legal ones—be made in cash. He had a horror of records of any sort. He not only wished to keep the extent of his terrific income from his lowly constituents but from the United States government. He paid cash for his purchases, used a bank account he had but rarely, and even converted legitimate checks at once into currency.

Upon receiving the $50,000 from McCormack, he placed it in a safe in his office. The first step of a secret transaction had been completed.

Five days later a conference was held at the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City. Pendergast, of course, was not there. His stooge and bosom-pal crook, Superintendent of Insurance

Governor Lloyd C. Stark, whom Pendergast mistook for a yes man and backed for election.

Robert E. O'Malley, was, as were McCormack, Charles Street, and officials and attorneys of the insurance companies. Out of that conference was to come the following public-be-damned arrangement:

The nine-million-dollars jack pot of impounded money would be split up. Eighty per cent of it would be returned to the insurance companies. Fifty per cent would be payable at once to them; thirty per cent would go into a trust fund of which Charles Street would be a trustee and out of which he would pay "expenses" incurred in arriving at this agreement—biggest item of which, of course, was T. J. Pendergast's service charge of three quarters of a million dollars. The policyholders would get back a mere 20 per cent of the nine million.

This arrangement was eventually put into writing, and O'Malley agreed to present it to the three-judge Federal Court and to represent the whole thing as an honest agreement legitimately arrived at.

But it is significant that O'Malley, before palming the agreement off on the court, hurried to Pendergast's office at 1908 Main Street, where he personally showed the boss a copy and obtained his O. K.

There was considerable solicitude for Pendergast's feelings in the matter. Some of it manifested itself in quite high places, according to United States Attorney Maurice M. Milligan's statement to the Court, when O'Malley appeared for sentencing, to the effect that an unsigned letter dated May 16, while the settlement was being brewed, had been found. McCormack, the go-between, Milligan related in his statement, wrote to Charles Street as follows:

"I understand that the Governor [Park] will be in Kansas City on Saturday of this week and I am writing a letter to our friend [Pendergast] giving him some of the details of this arrangement in order that he may be familiar with them when he sees the Governor on Saturday.

"*Our friend in Jefferson City [O'Malley] informed me that the*

Governor wants to make sure that this matter is going to meet with the approval of our friend [*Pendergast*] and you can readily see the advantage it has been to make the arrangement which we have made. *I do not think there was any way in the world to have accomplished the thing we have accomplished without his* [*Pendergast's*] *assistance.*"

Happily for the insurance companies and the Governor of Missouri, Pendergast found the arrangement to his liking and gave it his stamp of approval. He may have been a little pinched for bookie money at the moment.

O'Malley, a state official, presented the compromise agreement to the court. The court, knowing nothing of the bribery involved, gave the agreement its blessing and ordered the nine million dollars distributed according to the terms of it.

Meanwhile, however, there was the little matter of paying Pendergast the $700,000 still due him.

Charles Street gave McCormack another $50,000 in currency. McCormack hopped a train and delivered it to Pendergast at 1908 Main Street, Kansas City. Pendergast seems to have been in a lavish mood. He retained only $5,000 of this money. He returned $45,000 to McCormack, directing him to split it fifty-fifty with O'Malley. Then Pendergast and McCormack went to the races at Riverside Park. This was during the latter part of May, 1935.

McCORMACK dutifully offered O'Malley his $22,500 share, but O'Malley grew coy, said he had no place to keep it, and asked McCormack to hold it on call for him. McCormack put O'Malley's split in a safe-deposit box he maintained in St. Louis, and O'Malley subsequently came there and cautiously received it in rather small payments.

On April 1, 1936, Charles Street summoned McCormack to his Chicago office and turned over to him $330,000 in currency. McCormack stuffed the money into a Gladstone bag and caught a noon train for Kansas City. He arrived there after eight o'clock at night. He went directly to Pendergast's $150,000 home at 5650 Ward Parkway. Pendergast was waiting. He counted the money carefully, then arranged it in two stacks.

"I'm keeping only two hundred and fifty thousand," he told McCormack, and shoved a pile of bills back to him. "Split this eighty thousand evenly with O'Malley."

McCormack carried the $80,000 back with him to St. Louis. He put it in two envelopes—$40,000 in each—and on April 9, Superintendent O'Malley and his wife arrived in St. Louis. McCormack met them at Union Station and told O'Malley that he had $40,000 for him from Pendergast. O'Malley, his wife, and McCormack went to the bank, and McCormack obtained O'Malley's share. O'Malley said he intended to put the money in his niece's name.

On the next day, in Kansas City, Mrs. O'Malley requested her niece, Mrs. Adaline Cross, to rent a safe-deposit box. That was done and, it may be assumed, the money was cached there. In any case, Mr. and Mrs. O'Malley later loaned Mrs. Cross and her husband $7,500 with which to buy a house. The house was purchased entirely by cash payments.

Pendergast, by now, had received $430,000 of his $750,000 and had retained $305,000 of it for himself.

Late in October, 1936, Pendergast notified McCormack that he was ill and needed more money. McCormack visited Street, then took Pendergast $10,000 more—again in cash. He delivered it to the boss in his room at Menorah Hospital in Kansas City.

Pendergast still had a balance of $310,000 coming to him. But Street, the pay-off man, died. Pendergast never received another payment.

THOUGH he had been short-changed by fate in this instance, Boss Pendergast was in those balmy days riding high. But even then the forces which ultimately would destroy him were gathering.

In 1934 a small-town lawyer, Maurice M. Milligan, was appointed United States Attorney for the Western District of Missouri. His office was at Kansas City, where he had a chance to observe, close up, Mr. Pendergast's ugly handiwork.

In addition to a decent man's abhorrence of everything for which Pendergast stood, Milligan disliked the boss for personal reasons. Earlier, Pendergast had spiked Milligan's brother's chances of becoming a senator.

Milligan was an able United States Attorney. His record as a successful prosecutor is as good, if not better, than Thomas E. Dewey's.

The Pendergast machine, when Milligan came to Kansas City, was invincible. Pendergast tapped the men he wanted for public office. He put in jobs both street cleaners and governors. His machine rode roughshod over opposition, voted 75,000 ghosts regularly, changed or destroyed honest ballots, and at the polls literally beat down anti-machine voters. In the "Bloody Election" of 1934 four persons were shot down in broad daylight at the polls; innumerable others were slugged. Even the hardy stomachs of Pendergast officeholders became queasy. One of the boss' city councilmen told the mayor: "Mr. Mayor, my indignation is only equaled by my shame."

Yet Pendergast and his machine rolled on. The 1936 election was quieter but just as crooked. The boss' machine stalwarts could throw out votes of honest citizens with impunity because Pendergast had key men on the election board, a governor he had put into office, and a docile county prosecutor.

Where were the newspapers during this bedlam of indecency? One of them was, by all editorial standards, a machine mouthpiece. Another, the Kansas City Star, attacked the machine from time to time—and attacked hard. But these attacks were futile until the crooked elections in the fall of 1936. Then Roy Roberts, managing editor of the Star, assigned one of his best men, Charles Graham, to look into the machine's voting methods. Graham, with a fistful of registration lists, did a superlative job. He found that the machine was voting "ghosts" out of vacant lots, garages, and roominghouses.

The Star cracked the story. It should have been a bombshell. It wasn't. The civic morale of Kansas Citians was at too low an ebb, for the time being.

The Star exposé, however, furnished the opening wedge for United States Attorney Milligan. Liberty has already told how Milligan and his staff uncovered an old Civil War statute that gave him a chance to crack down upon the local 1936 vote-fraud perpetrators. He began sending Pendergast's Election Day henchmen to jail in carload lots. And for once Pendergast was powerless to interfere. He was up against the United States government.

The wholesale convictions of his dime-a-dozen henchmen gave him a chance to grandstand. He furnished lawyers and bail-bond money to the convicted men and women. When they were sent to prison, he saw to it that their families received money regularly. That generosity won him a lot of misguided loyalty. Many undoubtedly thought the donations came from his own pocket.

NEEDLESS to say, they didn't. He simply sent his vice and gambling lieutenant, Carollo, out to put the arm on gambling joints. The unhappy gamblers, already kicking back 20 per cent of their take to Pendergast, now found that they would have to contribute nearly half of their incomes. A defense fund of $70,000 was raised in that way.

Meanwhile Pendergast had made a huge mistake. In the 1936 elections he had thrown the weight of his machine behind Lloyd Crow Stark. Stark, who had an army and navy background and whose family had apple orchards and a coat of arms, had never held public office. He was elected Governor of the State of Missouri over a Republican opponent who had called him, during the campaign, a tool of Boss Pendergast.

Stark was anything but that. He is slightly deaf in one ear. It must have been into that ear that Pendergast, after the elections, made his "recommendations," for Governor Stark gave no sign of having heard them.

In August, 1937, the governor, on a Western trip, stopped off in Colorado Springs to see his mother. By happenstance, perhaps, Pendergast was vacationing there. A conference between the governor and the boss took place at the Broadmoor Hotel.

Pendergast wanted a pet of his placed in a high state office. Stark refused. Pendergast wanted O'Malley

retained as State Superintendent of Insurance. He still had more than $300,000 coming to him for the insurance fix. Stark had heard rumors of a pay-off in the insurance rates case, but had no facts. However, when Pendergast slyly suggested that O'Malley be kept on in office on probation, Stark flatly refused that too, and subsequently named an honest man of his own choice.

Pendergast wanted the State Election Board members kept on. This was the same board that had done nothing when in 1936 the machine had voted 75,000 ghosts and when the Star had exposed that fraud and Milligan had gone to work on it. Again Stark refused. He said he had promised the people of Missouri honest elections.

Pendergast was furious, the governor steadfast. Later, when Stark opposed one of Pendergast's candidates for the Missouri Supreme Court and, taking the issue to the people of the state, defeated him, Pendergast gave one of his infrequent interviews to reporters. As an interview for publication, it was not very satisfactory. Most of it consisted of what he now thought of Governor Stark. And that was unprintable.

ONE famous line, however, could be quoted. Pendergast let it be known that he intended to smash this upstart governor and send him back to his apple orchards.

"Now," said Pendergast, "let the river take its course."

As early as April, 1936, T-men—agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue—began a routine check of the financial affairs of Charles R. Street. They found record that in May, 1935, Street had received indirectly $100,500 from the insurance companies. It was—though they did not realize it—out of that money that the first two payments of $50,000 each had been made to Pendergast.

All the government agents wanted to know about it was whether it represented taxable income. They called on Street. He admitted receiving the money, but said that he felt he should not have to pay taxes on it, since it had been disbursed to some one else. Politely asked to whom, he refused to tell. Weeks of questioning got only two guarded admissions out of him. The man to whom he had paid the money was:

1. A man high in political circles in Missouri.

2. A man who, nonetheless, did not hold public office.

That might have narrowed down the field if the federal agents had cared to indulge in a bit of guessing. But they kept after Street.

He wrote them a letter. At the time, the Queen Mary was plowing across the Atlantic, New York-bound on her maiden voyage. Street said in his letter that he could not reveal the identity of the man, as requested, until after the Queen Mary docked.

After she docked, he still refused to talk. Instead, he filed a false and amended income-tax return with the Bureau in which he now listed the money in question as having been retained by himself. He even paid the sizable tax that was due upon it.

The Internal Revenue Bureau, however, was by now quite curious. You seldom hear of Chief Elmer Irey's T-men, for they work under a cloak of anonymity. But they have smashed some big men and cases. They packed Al Capone off to prison. They cracked the Lindbergh case. And they almost

Tom Pendergast, lately ruler of Kansas City, now free after serving a sentence in prison.

tripped up "Dutch" Schultz before some gunmen in a New Jersey tavern saved them the trouble.

Now they went to work on Charles Street's conflicting stories. They learned that the companies he had represented had been engaged in litigation with the State of Missouri over premium rates. They checked the passenger list of the Queen Mary, and found that Thomas J. Pendergast had been aboard. And he answered perfectly Street's guarded description of a man high in political circles but not in office.

Actually, they still had not an iota of proof against Pendergast. They might have got it—and quickly—had not Street died.

An investigation to determine whether or not Thomas Pendergast had received any of that money began. Street's personal effects in Chicago were examined and every bit of money that had passed through his hands was meticulously trailed. One check, for several thousand dollars, had been made out to a certain man. The stub bore the notation: "Repayment of a loan." The federal agents sought the man. He had been dead four years. They looked up his daughter. They found her, destitute. There had been no such loan.

They came across A. L. McCormack, the St. Louis go-between. They checked his financial records. They found that about a dozen of his visits to his safe-deposit box had corresponded with visits to Chicago by Robert E. O'Malley, Superintendent of Insurance for the State of Missouri—and a Pendergast appointee.

Then they began a quiet check-up on Pendergast. They found he had been heavily in debt during the last few months of 1934 but had begun paying off those debts—in cash—in 1935, the year the insurance fix had begun to simmer. They found that he had been the heaviest racetrack plunger in America at the time.

It was a beautiful and involved and secret investigation. It prophesied destruction for the biggest political boss in America.

And then it bogged down.

At what point or for what cause it lapsed is not crystal clear. The inference persists that pressure was brought to bear in high places in Washington.

IT was then that Governor Stark stepped into the picture. Where or how he learned that Pendergast had received a huge pay-off in the Missouri insurance scandal likewise is not clear. There are two explanations. According to one, he developed his own information. According to the other, Duke Shoop, Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Star, let him know something of what already had been learned independently by the Internal Revenue Bureau.

At any rate, Governor Stark, a New Dealer and personal friend of President Roosevelt, hurried to Washington and gave the President the information he had.

President Roosevelt took up a telephone. He called Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, then Attorney General Homer Cummings. To each man, after describing the situation, he said, "I want action."

The fight that lay ahead was one of the most amazing political upheavals of this century. The President of the United States got what he asked for.

The river had taken its course.

How was the federal government to get proof against Pendergast? How was Milligan to make one of the boss's stooges "sing," and with what startling consequences? Meanwhile, how was Governor Stark swapping punches with him? What parts were courageous Judge Southern and others playing in the good fight—and how were Liberty's revelations helping? Of all this, Mr. Wake will tell the complete inside story next week!

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE sun climbed up the buildings over Wall Street, and it smiled upon the premises of Dugan Brothers, Stocks and Bonds—though it was not welcome there. It was too hot, and Benny O'Rourke couldn't help but think what a day it was for the ocean's spray and a good long sleep on the beach.

"It doesn't pay to save on quality," Benny said. "An eighty-cent gin is an eighty-cent gin. Feel my head."

"Feel your own head."

Benny felt his head. It was a head that looked all right—of regulation size and nicely taken care of by the barber. It was twenty-six years old. "It's gone," he said. "I can't feel it. . . . You know what, Otto? We need coffee from the drugstore."

"Coffee's not enough. I need tomato juice."

"Oysters," Benny said. "The best thing for a man in your condition is an oyster. Lots of them. I've got an uncle in the oyster business, Otto. Uncle George. That's how I learned about an oyster, when I was a kid."

"I know all about your Uncle George. Except I don't like oysters. I never did. I want tomato juice."

"You know what else?"

"What?"

"We've been pals a long time."

"Give it to me easy," Otto said. "Wait'll I put my hands in my pockets." And Otto put his hands in his pockets.

"You're suspicious," Benny said. "My old pal is suspicious."

"You're right I'm suspicious."

"O. K.," Benny said. "O. K. Let's send downstairs for coffee. If you're gonna be suspicious, I'll have to think. Don't interrupt me, Otto. Just sit still."

It was a lovely day, and not a day for effort. Benny thought of Dorothy, because it was so easy and so pleasant. He recalled that they were dancing on a rooftop that was uptown and belonged to quite a fine hotel, and that he had the proceeds of a dice game in his pocket. The orchestra was splendid and expensive, playing softly, and her dress was long and white and summery and filled with her to Benny's fine contentment. She was tall, her voice was deep and pleasant, and she loved him, so she said, and it was good to have his lips so near the white meat of her neck.

"It would make a wonderful sandwich," Benny said.

"You fool."

"Ah, yes—a fool. A fool is what I am. A pleasant fool. A gallant fool. There was a young fool named O'Toole . . ."

"O'Rourke," she said, correcting him. They danced along until, colliding with a large and lumpy and hilarious man who wished to be collided with, they stopped. Benny thought that he had seen this man before, and wondered where.

"Mr. Bagbee!" Dorothy said, and then Benny understood that it was the Mr. Bagbee with the bag of gold, the yacht—the eighteen-karat Mr. Bagbee. Then, when it was possible to find the little woman, "Mrs. Bagbee! How *are* you? This is perfectly wonderful!"

Benny said that he was charmed to meet the Bagbees, and he wondered, with a good commercial wonder, who were the lucky boys who sold him stocks and bonds. They had some drinks while standing at the bar. The music stopped, but Mr. Bagbee kept on singing. "That's a tune for you," he said. "I want to get a record of that tune."

There was a little piano near the bar and unattended. "Benny plays the piano like a hophead," Dorothy said, and Benny found himself upon the stool, with his fingers straightening out the tune abused by Mr. Bagbee. He had a talent for the piano and he thought it would be nice—the thought jumped up and down in Benny's mind—to have a piece of Mr. Bagbee. Just a little piece. A piece of Mr. Bagbee could be stretched to a career.

Dorothy said, when they were in the taxicab, "The Bagbees? Oh, we see a lot of them at Newport, even though the noise of him is dreadful, Benny, really. You'll see a lot of Mr.

Bagbee, too. He thinks you're wonderful. He's a disappointed piano player, dear."

"He should be disappointed! What's the name of his yacht?"

"The Ladybird."

"I always wanted to know a guy who owned a yacht," he said.

"He's a very nice man for you to know."

Benny realized this was so. It was a pleasant league to travel in. Look at the folks you met. Sit here, your head against the cushioned seat, and travel like a king for twenty cents a mile. Sit here, beside the loveliness of Dorothy, the back end of the taxi open to the sky, and do not hate the girl because she's got a pocketful of bonds. It's good to ride along and smell the summer night, the flower in her hair, to turn your head and briefly meet the soft wet welcome of her lips, to hear her sigh a little bit and hear her say she loves you, when she very likely knows you cannot buy the buffalo upon a nickel, if you are not loaded with the proceeds of a crap game.

"I'll leave the office sometime Friday afternoon," he said. She squeezed his hand. "I'll probably drive," he said, although he wasn't sure just what he'd drive. "I'll beat your beautiful ears off playing golf. But not too much. Most times we'll just lie stretched out on the beach."

"You're a bum," she said.

"A thoroughgoing bum." He turned and kissed her, and she didn't fool, the moment while she stayed with him. "Friday, darling," Dorothy said. She was the finest, nicest girl.

"Hello, Benny," said the girl. "Dumb Benny." That's what she used to call him.

The frolicsome love story of a surprised young man who discovered his heart

hells

BY WILLIAM FAY

A little difficult sometimes, and proud, but quality.

That was on Tuesday. It was Friday now, and he was weary in the head and in the lining of his throat from drinking Otto's gin. The ticker tapes ground from their little jugs. The board boy, in alpaca coat, walked up and down the platform, and the price of things was very clear for those who cared to look. Benny didn't care, although he sometimes tried. Numbers marched inside his head and tied his brains together like asparagus. He would rather think of water and of boats—of Mr. Bagbee's boat—and of a girl like Dorothy.

Otto said, "Well?" Otto was a one for you.

"It's the eighty-cent gin that gives you that expression, Otto. Your poverty will be the death of you. Poverty and pretense—they do not mix."

"Pretense! From a dime-store playboy like you!"

"What you don't have is money in your pants," said Benny, and patted the pocket of his trousers and the roll of heavy dough inside. Four hundred bucks. Three wonderful weeks at Newport. Twenty-one days where the breezes blow and Mr. Bagbee sails his boats.

"What I don't have is the Lord on my side. Or loaded dice."

"You have an automobile."

Otto said, "No! Nothing doing!"

"I'll pay you fifty bucks," said Benny. "For three little weeks. What good is a car in the city?"

"It's just beautiful in the city. It's all in one piece."

"Last offer—fifty-five. Bring it back all shiny and pretty."

"No."

"You got a price?"

Otto thought about it. "Like every man," he said. He sat straight in his chair and clasped his hands. "Your golf clubs," Otto said. "The matched set,

complete, with the raincoat in the pocket of the bag. As is."

"It's worth a hundred fifty bucks."

"You cheated a guy out of it. Anyway, that's what it costs to charter my car."

It was a bitter price to pay, but it was done, and the day moved on toward three o'clock and Benny could smell the fine salt air and liberty. Even Albert Dugan, the junior partner, wished him a pleasant time. "Do you good, O'Rourke," Mr. Dugan said. "And maybe you can locate some business while you're at it. A customer's man needs customers, you know. You could use a few very nicely. Luck," said Mr. Dugan, and found his hat. Benny was aware that Mr. Dugan had been thinking of giving him the heave, and that nothing had stood between that act but Benny's personal charm. But he also knew how the worm might turn for a piece of Mr. Bagbee.

BENNY thought it was great of the boys to help him with his bags down into the taxi that would take him to Otto's garage. The partners had left and the staff relaxed. There were smiling faces all around. Too many smiling faces. He watched them march his luggage to the conference room instead of to the elevators in the hall. He said, "What the hell is this?"

They closed the door. Six issues of the Times were spread along the table, and a guy came up with dice. "The boys would like to have some of it back," said Otto. "Get the roll out, pal."

Benny said sickly, "You want to break the tradition? These games are always held on Saturdays."

"You're leaving today. We can't have a game of craps when the money has departed."

Benny said, "You're asking for it. I've got a golden arm. Gimme the dice."

They put some money on the papers and he threw a deuce. He threw another deuce before he cast a twelve, and then he failed to make his point and said, "I should have climbed down the side of the building."

It was a devastating afternoon. Benny wasn't broke when it was over, but his four hundred dollars was reduced to eighty-two. And he couldn't spend three weeks at Newport with eighty-two bucks.

Downstairs, in a drugstore, he dropped many coins into a telephone, then heard the voice of Dorothy. "It's me," he said.

She sounded very gay and far away. "Where are you, darling? We expected you an hour ago. We can't find a piano player."

"Listen, baby. You'd better find one."

"Where are you, Benny?" Dorothy was frightened. He could hear the trouble deep in her white and lovely throat.

He told her where he was. "Right here. Manhattan. Just got out of the conference room. No vacation. Have to go to Detroit . . . yes, Detroit. Of all places. . . . I know. I know it damned well, darling. Breaks my heart, too." Poor girl, he thought, to waste her tears upon the likes of me. "The seventeenth? Your birthday party? Yes, baby, I can make it by the seventeenth. For your party, of course . . . Bagbee? Sure, I know you'd like me to get to know him. Tell the truth, I'd like to know him myself. . . . He'll be there the seventeenth? . . . Uh-huh. Well, whether he is or not, you'll be there. That's all that counts. We'll have a few days, anyway."

He stood, in sad reflection, on the sidewalk, with his several bags arranged along the pavement. "I could take it all to Coney Island for a nickel," he decided. "They've got an ocean I could throw it into."

But it wasn't quite so burdensome when placed in Otto's car. It was a powerful and handsome car, equipped with everything except a destination. Benny drove it once or twice around the block before he saw a fish store and his thoughts turned hopefully to Uncle George.

He'd meant for many months to call on Uncle George and Aunt Katherine, the good and gentle relatives he used to spend his summers with when he was going to school. A man could sleep upon the beach at Greenport, unrevealed, long miles from Newport which was far across Long Island Sound. It would be pleasant, too, to see his uncle and his aunt. There'd be a boat, except that it would be an oyster boat, with all the bitter requisites of labor. There would also be a girl named Mary, who'd been pretty when she was sixteen. But she was likely wedded to some fisherman, and besides, he had no right to think of other girls while Dorothy believed he was afloat in perspiration in Detroit.

He bought a good expensive pipe for Uncle George, and for his aunt he bought some stockings and some candy he was fond of munching while he lay reclined. He drove down in the evening.

GREENPORT isn't so much a village as it is a set of docks dredged deep against the shore of Shelter Island Sound, down where Long Island sprawls its ragged arms of rock and sand into the several waters that surround it. At Greenport, in the harbor, rolling nicely with the six-foot tide that climbs the piers, the pleasure craft are prettiest. They filled the eyes of Benny while he sat upon the dock and tried to spit across the cabin of a cruiser from his vantage point above it. He found that he had lost much of an old technique. He was a pretty sight, just sitting there, resplendent in the morning sun. His Uncle George was somewhere in an oyster boat, dredging bluepoints in the shoals.

"Spitting is a misdemeanor," said a voice. "Besides, the wind is wrong." He turned around and saw the pretty girl standing with the bundle in her arms. "Hello, Benny," said the girl. "Dumb Benny." That's what she used to call him, he remembered; but it was a lot of years ago, and she had never looked the way she looked this moment standing there.

"Why, Mary! Hello, baby. This is marvelous!" He got his legs up on the dock and shoved himself erect. He relieved her of the bundle while he looked at her.

Her smile was soft and lovely and her lips were red and wet and good to look at. She pulled her blouse until it met her short and simple skirt of serge. That's all she wore besides the low-heeled shoes. Her legs were bare but shapely as a garter ad, and from the sun they were the color of a glass of beer.

Mary said, "Don't drop the bundle."

"Oh, the bundle. I was looking at you."

"Never mind me. I'm around all the time. Just look at your feet and don't fall over that rope. The bundle is valuable."

"What is it?"

"Tiles. For a galley. In a boat. George is building a boat for a man. You can carry the tiles."

Benny said, "Thanks," and followed her along the docks. The sun was high. The day was full of blisters. He perspired beneath his handsome linen coat.

MARY climbed up on the graceful sloop that rested in her cradle on the ways. "Gimme." Mary took the precious tiles he handed her. He climbed aboard, his interest taken by the skillful work of Uncle George, who was a sailor in his heart and a magician with his hands.

"Pretty," Benny said.

"Pretty? It's a classic. I put this galley in myself. We build our boats together, me and George."

"What's the matter with the oyster business?" Benny asked.

"The oyster business is just wonderful," she said. "This year it will net four thousand dollars. But George wants to build boats. All his life he's wanted to build boats. For sixty years. Has he spoken to you?"

"Spoken to me? About what?"

"Oysters. He says you could be the best oysterman on the island."

Benny laughed, but he could see the danger signs. "Don't be silly, beautiful. There's no money in oysters."

"No? How much are you making now?"

"Never mind how much. I'm doing just fine. Stocks and bonds."

"Bonds are not your line," she said. "George says you have the oyster business in your blood. I didn't know what he meant until I saw those bags under your eyes. Could they be oysters?"

She stood there with a tile in either hand, her head thrown back. Her glance was full of him, but not admiring, and it angered him that she should look so honest and superior and certain of the things she said. It might not have been so bad if Benny hadn't shared her doubts of his abilities. He had no words to offer, which

was strange for him. He was confused. Her hands still held the tiles, which left her quite defenseless, and the space between them was a little space. He kissed her on the mouth because he couldn't help himself. She didn't struggle. When it was done, she simply looked at him and said, "You ought to have more sense. Whatever made you think that I'd be interested?"

"You're a ghoul," he said. "You have no heart."

"Here," she told him. "Hold these tiles. Be useful, Benny, but don't be cute. You might get me the cement."

MARY'S house was down the street from Uncle George's. She had always lived there, except for the times she went away to school.

"That girl's no fool," said Uncle George at dinner. "She learned a lot at school."

"She learned a lot some place," Benny said. His appetite was strong from hours of labor on the boat. "She must have gone to school in Russia. I'm just confiscated labor."

"Do you good."

"Probably kill me," Benny said. "How'd she get so pretty while she got so smart?"

Aunt Katherine shook her head in admiration. "You should have seen her the other night."

"The other night? What was going on?"

"Oh, a dance. Down at some country club. But she was beautiful."

"Well, it's nice that she gets around—an attractive kid like Mary." He found that he was only playing with his food. He hoped his tone was casual. "Who'd she go with?"

"One of the boys from town. Joe Dennery. You remember Joe."

"Yeah, I remember him. Tall feller. Redheaded."

"Joe's knockin' 'em dead," said Uncle George. "He's in the marine insurance business now. He's got a policy on every good boat in the harbor. Leave it to Joe."

Aunt Katherine sliced some bread. "Funny how children grow up. I think she used to have a case on you, when she was a little kid."

Benny sensed the build-up, and revolted against this plan of sweet encirclement. "Nice kid, Mary. Best in the world. I'll have to watch myself. If I wasn't already engaged to a girl, I might try to steal her from the local sports."

His relatives answered with silence, so Benny went out for a walk, down by the beach in the shadows, where a man could straighten his thoughts. He would keep away from Mary, he decided, and the turbulent things she did to him.

He was keeping away from Mary—about a foot and a half away, on the ocean side of the island, to which they'd driven in the morning. It wasn't her idea, and he supposed himself a man of little character. Here, on the ocean side, the sea was big and exciting. The white sand stretched for endless miles and was heaped in great dunes formed by the wind.

"This is the life," he said.

"Of course it is. It always was. Benny?"

"Uh-huh."

"How long are you going to be here?"

"Coupla weeks, anyhow. Till the seventeenth."

"Where you going then?"

"Newport. Got a date."

"I saw your pictures in the paper." She said it flatly, and he didn't like the tone of it.

"Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing. Nothing wrong. She's cute. She wears nice clothes. I saw a lot of pictures. Three, anyhow. Two in the rotogravure and one in the society news. Katie discovered the last one. She said she wondered why you were always holding a glass."

WILLIAM FAY

Massachusetts-born, spent his growing years in New York City. Now, with his wife and two small children, he lives in the suburbs where neighbors can hear him in the early morning hours beating out the bread-and-butter and rent money on his typewriter.

Mary sat up. "Let's swim," she said.

"No. Let's eat a sandwich."

They shared a sandwich from the basket. "Is she at Newport now?" Benny admitted that she was. "Then why didn't you go up there for your vacation?"

He couldn't tell her of the dice game and his vanished fortune. "I wanted to come here; that's all. I wanted to see Uncle George and Aunt Katherine. What's wrong with that?"

"There's nothing wrong with that. It just seems strange that you should wait five years."

He didn't answer her. He just looked at her. He wondered if he loved her—if he loved two women all at once. Hold your hat, Benny, he told himself. Don't be a dope. Look around and locate your little brain. Don't be a clam digger all your life. Remember Mr. Bagbee and the Dugan Brothers, Stocks and Bonds. Remember the beating heart that waits in Newport, Benny.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"You're a phony, Benny. You've got a guilty look. Why, you're not even happy."

"No? Who told you?"

"Nobody told me. I'm smart, that's all. Where'd you get that car?"

"Where did I get it? Where do you think I'd get it? I bought it last year. Can't a guy have a car?"

"Yeah, sure. But I remember when you used to drive a flivver that belonged to you. Zingo! Like the cops. You're scared to death of this car. I can tell. I watched you park a couple of times. It's borrowed finery."

"So what? Is it a crime?"

"Nope. No crime. Except I'm disappointed. You're trying to impress people. You're not being yourself."

"I'm being myself. I've got my own ideas about being myself." He told her some of those ideas, of Mr. Bagbee and his yacht, of pretty girls and long cool drinks in frosted glasses, and money in the bank. He laid it on, since he was angry with himself, with Mary, too.

When he was through, she said, "All right. That's because you don't know any better."

She was lovely and defiant and he hated her and loved her, and he told her, "It's your conceit. You're trying to make me. The method's crude."

"Make you? *Make* you? Why, I don't even *like* you!"

"Then we'll swim."

They swam, and then they went home, and they were very silent in the car. The trouble was that when he helped her from the car his silence was dissolved by his desire. It frightened him to think that in the long days he must pass before the seventeenth he mightn't see her, and it was a little childish to be so upset about a difference in their points of view. After all—a week, two weeks—and then their lives could go their separate ways.

She said she wasn't angry. "No, Benny. Not at all. I really think you're cute."

"Then we'll both be cute. We'll go to the movies. Tomorrow night. You know—the one we talked about."

"Sorry, Benny," Mary said. "But I've a date tomorrow night."

"With whom?" His question was automatic, and for long hours after he was sorry he had failed to slice his throat before it could escape.

"With a nice young man," said Mary, and quietly went her way.

BENNY didn't see her and he didn't seek her, and he turned his mind to all the good things in the future that would not include her. He decried his lack of faithfulness, and thought of Dorothy, trusting him, believing him, awaiting his return from his grave mission in Detroit.

Meanwhile he toiled upon the oyster boats of Uncle George and made convenient dollars to inflate his skinny purse. His knowledge of the channels of the Sound and of the bays came back to him, and he was proudly helmsman when they'd let him be.

Uncle George was pleased, and he would say, "Benny, you were meant to boss a boat. It's deep inside of you. You know, I'm getting on in years, and, dammit, I would like to give more time to building boats."

Benny never left his head within the noose, but it was nice of Uncle George, all right.

Benny's last day on the boat turned up cloudy. A drizzle, fine as cobwebs, fell along the docks. There was a guy named Alex waiting at the boat, himself, and Uncle George. There'd be another guy named Willy to complete the crew, but as yet there was no Willy to be seen.

It was Mary who came walking

through the morning mist, pretty as a mermaid in her oilskins, bright and young, and walking with the energy of lobsters in a net.

"Willy won't be down," she said to Uncle George. "He called your house, but you had left. Katie called and told me. Make some coffee, won't you, Alex? That's a lamb. . . . Why, hello, Benny. What woke you up?"

"Here we go," said Uncle George. He kicked the engine over and the craft got under way. Mary held the wheel as they moved out against the gray mists on the Sound. Benny sat beside her. "I was gonna do the steering," he complained. "That's why I got out of bed."

"You should never have gotten out of bed, darling. You're going to be dredging oysters all day long. *Tsk!* What would they think at Newport?"

Alex brewed the coffee with some talent. It was almost good enough to compensate for Mary's blithe indifference to his happiness. Benny told himself he was a fool to break his back on any oyster boat, but while he told himself these things he worked much harder than the other salty souls, pulling the oysters up in the net and dumping them on the deck. He was aware that she was watching him and scorning him. His muscles ached. His back was about to cave in in several different places. The pile of oysters increased.

WHEN they were coming home, the fog was like a bedsheet hung before your nose. The foghorns, sad and deep as lonely cows, spoke through the mists. Suddenly a siren shrieked very close to them.

Alex saw it first. He shouted and he swore, but still the big boat moved almost on top of them. A crash seemed inevitable. They could hear music rolling from the pleasure craft.

Collision was averted when the yacht woke up to its stupidity. Its crime had been committed when it had failed to slow its speed. The wash of it was something fierce and did dire things to everybody's balance.

"Fools!" screamed Uncle George. "Watch where you're goin'!"

A voice spoke through the fog, profanely. It did not agree with Uncle George, who climbed aboard his feet, somehow, and threw a hard-shelled oyster at the enemy.

This seemed a good idea, and Alex threw an oyster at the larger boat. The fog had lifted just a bit to help their aim, and Benny heaved a dozen oysters rapidly and well. They heard somebody yell. The boats were close together, and on the big boat's stern it said The Ladybird. The next thing Benny saw was Mr. Bagbee on its deck. He dropped the oysters in his hand and ran with mouselike haste for the concealment of the cabin. "Lay off! Lay off!" he shouted to his uncle and to Alex. Then the boats had passed and gone their separate ways, and Benny's heart beat fearfully inside his shirt.

Mary walked into the cabin. "The Wolf of Wall Street," she said. "Get your tail from between your legs."

"I don't have to listen to that! You don't have to follow me around."

"All I wanted was a bottle of beer," she said. "Just dig me one out of the pail."

The way she looked at him, he couldn't stand the strain of it. Her lips were red and taunting, and if he kissed her on the mouth it would be wet and cold and clean as the rain itself. He just gave her the beer and walked outside.

NEWPORT is Newport. It is very nice, and Benny's entrance was a proper one. This is the life for me, he told himself, but without the exaltation he'd expected. Late afternoon was perfect, not too hot, and Otto's car gleamed with peculiar beauty. Dorothy's house was a massive business, set on green and spacious lawns. There were many cars and many people there, and there were lanterns strung about that would be lighted in the evening and beautiful to see. There was an orchestra that played out on the terrace, and you could tell that Dorothy's old man had dug deep in his bag of gold to make a happy birthday.

Benny shook a lot of hands and had a drink or two and looked around for Dorothy. The drink did not taste right, though this might have been because he hadn't had a drink for several weeks. "Dorothy's upstairs," her mother told him. "She should be right down, Benny. Please excuse me."

Benny walked around and thought of many things, and all the things he thought about together totaled Mary. "My stupid pride," he told himself. "That's all. It's just because she made a bum of me."

In Dorothy, he was consoled, the strain of quality ran deep. And there was mercy there; she didn't cut your heart out and feed it to the cat. He walked around, and suddenly he was somehow face to face with Mr. Bagbee. Benny said, "Hello." He called on his resources to be charming.

Mr. Bagbee said, "Hello, yourself! You've got your nerve!" Mr. Bagbee had a bandage on his eyes.

Man or mouse; the pendulum of free election swung before his eyes. "The Wolf of Wall Street! Get your tail from between your legs!" The words of Mary were not spoken; still they were repeated in his ears.

Benny said sternly, recklessly, "If you had any sense of responsibility, you wouldn't run at that speed in a fog. The water belongs to every one."

Mr. Bagbee said, "It was you, huh? I wasn't sure. What were you doing on an oyster boat?"

"I was working on the boat. Five bucks a day."

"Working?" Mr. Bagbee repeated the word, rolled it on his tongue as though it were the finest word he'd ever tasted. "Good. Good for you, boy. Like your spirit. You're with Dugan Brothers, aren't you? Might be able to do something for you, son. Dorothy spoke to me."

Benny said, "Look," and he felt anointed by the words he spoke. "You're a business man, Mr. Bagbee, and you like to put your money in hands that will take care of it. Me? I know the stock issues by their names. That's all I know. They bore me very much. They're only numbers in my head. I'm just an oysterman, but a helluva 'n oysterman!"

Sitting on a bench with Dorothy, beneath a tree and lanternlight, it should have been a bona fide romance. He told himself: Of course I love the girl. I did before, and we're engaged—almost engaged. It's just that I'm upset. . . . He held her hand. Don't be a dog, he told himself. Just speak your piece and do the proper thing. You love her; betcha life you do. How many times have you told her so? That other thing will pass.

Dorothy said, "But, Benny—why so serious? Why such a funny face?"

"It wasn't meant to be funny. I saw Mr. Bagbee a while ago."

"Well? Wasn't he nice?"

"He was very nice. He's a noisy bag, but he's still a good guy. He offered me some business."

"Well, isn't that *wonderful*, Benny! What's wrong with that?"

"I told him I wasn't interested. I told him I was going into the oyster business."

"The *oyster* business!"

Benny told her of the oyster business, of his fine deceits, of his weeks at Greenport and his lie about Detroit. "This way is better, Dorothy. This way is straight and honest and I'll hold my self-respect. I kind of like the oyster business. I guess, just like my uncle says, I've got it in my blood. This way is better for the both of us, baby. We'll have to struggle for a while . . ." Then he saw, to his amazement, that she wasn't overcome by his ideals, by his new virtue, with the wonder of it all. She laughed. *Laughed!*

"But, Benny, you presumed so much. Engaged? Well, not exactly now—we never really were, and I can't even eat an oyster, much less live on them. You are a goon. Excuse me, darling—I have this dance with Johnny."

He saw her walking off with Johnny, and it was clear she felt no pain, and he knew with a sudden burst of joy that it was time to get his hat.

THIS day there was no fog upon the waters. The sun was high and they were sweating while they worked. The pile of oysters grew upon the deck, and Mary said, "Hold it, boys—I'll open up the beer."

He followed her inside the cabin while she fetched some bottles from the icy pail. This time her hands were full of beer and Mary was not free to get away. This time her eyes and mouth were laughing and her lovely hair was crazy in the wind. He kissed her, and he held her very close to him, and they could hear the bottles clink together, just behind his back—till Mary dropped them on the floor.

THE END

WHAT LIES AHEAD FOR EDWARD AND WALLIE?

An eye-opening look into a much-debated future

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

DURING the last days of Hitler's march on Paris we in America heard some disturbing rumors about His Royal Highness, Edward, Duke of Windsor. For example:

Edward had resigned from the army in protest against Britain's fight against the Nazis.

Edward had been forced to retire because of his attitude toward his brother the King.

Edward had fled from the front to save his own neck.

Edward would be arrested if he attempted to set foot on British soil.

The editor of this magazine, having followed the career of Edward Windsor from the days of his first triumphs as a salesman of Empire, did not believe these stories and refused to give them space in these columns.

Subsequent disclosures have revealed how wise and proper that decision was.

Edward's appointment as Governor General and Commander in Chief of the Bahama Islands, a post which at this time is of strategic propaganda importance and possibly of strategic military importance at the very gateway to the Western Hemisphere—a post which makes him in effect an ambassador of good will to the entire New World—disposes of the first two charges and brands them for what they obviously were: Nazi and Fascist lies.

Edward's resignation from his military post of liaison officer between the British and French armies, although shrouded in mystery as all such moves must be in time of war, was easily understandable to all who knew the character and temperament of the former King.

Edward, it seems, was not at the front and therefore could not have fled from it. His duties, such as they were, necessitated his presence at headquarters in Paris. He could not join the troops, as he had been able to do in the other World War. And since neither his nature nor his training fitted him to become a military strategist, he couldn't be really useful in Paris.

The only protest he made was against a continuance of this futile existence. He demanded a chance to give his services in a post where his abilities and experience would make them valuable.

As for his leaving Paris in anticipation of its early evacuation by the French and his subsequent departure from France, these were simply commonsensible moves dictated doubtless by the Churchill Government to prevent the world's most famous Englishman from falling into the hands of the Nazis and being held as a hostage in an attempt to force an early peace on Britain.

Clumsy indeed, in the light of this knowledge, was the silly canard, originating in Rome, that Mr. Churchill had decreed Edward Windsor's arrest as a traitor to the country.

Churchill, long a friend of Edward, and a political ally in the great cause of cementing the ties between Britain and the rest of the Empire, was, you will recall, the only front-rank British statesman to espouse Edward's cause during those hectic pre-abdication weeks; he headed the "King's Party" in Parliament when to do so meant hazarding his whole political future.

It was unthinkable that any government headed by Winston Churchill should treat Edward Windsor with anything but deference and respect. It was no surprise, therefore, when the present Churchill Government not only denied all these absurd rumors but stated that every precaution was being taken to guard the safety of the former King and his wife.

One more intimate rumor, however, persisted: that Edward and the woman he loved had reached the end of the marital road.

This rumor, because of its peculiar interest to American readers, Liberty asked this observer to run to earth.

The present writer has known H. R. H. for a long time. If, therefore, he could have answered with authority the ques-

tion of whether the world's most famous lovers were foundering on the rocks of separation and divorce, he would have been glad to do so—especially if the answer was that they were doing nothing of the kind. But all anybody could say with authority in the first days of France's surrender was that the only man who could give such an answer was probably "somewhere in Spain." Accordingly, he sent the Duke the following cablegram, addressed on a chance to Madrid:

RUMOR CIRCULATING THROUGHOUT UNITED STATES YOU AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS CONTEMPLATE SEPARATION STOP HAVE BEEN ASKED TO PREPARE STORY FOR LIBERTY MAGAZINE STOP IF RUMOR UNTRUE WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR IMMEDIATE DENIAL

THERE was, of course, no hope of a direct reply to this message. A man in Edward's position cannot afford to trust to the international cables a statement in regard to his domestic affairs. But, from his knowledge of the man, this observer was certain that the Duke would not let the friendly warning go unanswered; and he didn't.

The following morning, at the Palace Hotel in Madrid, he and his Duchess called in the newspaper correspondents in Madrid, posed for photographs together, and spiked the rumors of trouble by discussing their mutual experiences during their escape and mutual hopes for an early return to England.

This, obviously, was Edward's tactful way of refuting the rumors of marital discord without acknowledging their existence.

It may be that on that same day, in that hotel room in Madrid, this married pair asked themselves what the future could hold for them. And perhaps, standing as they did in the very shadow of war's horror, they found no answer. But even as they pondered, opportunity was knocking on the hotel door.

Some people will undoubtedly discount the former King's appointment to Nassau as simply a way out of an embarrassing situation, an attempt at solving the problem of what to do with an ex-King. But this analysis of the situation misses the true significance of the move.

Britain, for the first time in its diplomatic history, has been licked in the field in which it has always been master—the field of propaganda. Throughout the present war she has been outmaneuvered by the Nazi publicists. The building up of an anti-British sentiment in France even before the surrender was a case in point. If Britain hoped to prevent similar disaster in the Americas, an immediate and dramatic step was essential. In reinstating her long-time official world ambassador and placing him where he would be in a position to do the most good, she has taken that step.

Moreover, consciously or unconsciously, she is preparing the world for even more dramatic moves in which the former King will figure as an important factor in world destiny—moves which will be made by *some one*, no matter how the present war turns out.

That they may take the form of an invitation to return to his throne, should Hitler finally win, is extremely unlikely. If Hitler wins, there won't be any throne in Britain on which Edward Windsor or any other Englishman may sit. Neither, of course, will there be a parliamentary form of government.

Yet some form of government will be required and, if continual strife is to be avoided, some head for that government who will be acceptable to the British people. In such a contingency, it is quite possible that both sides should turn to the former King. And in the event of the choice being between himself and, say, Heinrich Himmler, Edward might feel that it was his duty to stand between his countrymen and the extreme application of Nazi tyranny.

That he would be welcomed back under such regrettable auspices may be open to some question. But the roots of the ex-King's popularity with the rank and file of the British people go deep. Whether or not they approved of his reasons for abdicating, they honor him for his services to the Empire in the quarter of a century before he retired to private life. And they protest against the fanatical political persecution which has pursued him.

This sentiment on the part of the British people for their former King points to the probability of his becoming once more useful to his country in *some* important position in the event of a British victory.

The men who drove Edward Windsor out of public life are either out of public life themselves or so thoroughly discredited as to offer only negligible opposition to his return, not to the throne, but to the position of prominence in his country's affairs to which his training and experience and prestige entitle him.

IT may be that both he and his family will feel that it would not be wise for him to assume just yet the important home post in his brother's Government which should some day be his. In the meantime, however, many overseas positions of honor and duty will lie open to the hand. No one will deny, for instance, that a large section of the world's populace would be delighted to hear that he was coming to Ottawa as Canada's postwar Governor General.

There will be several problems, however, facing His Majesty's Government in the postwar years which might have prior call on Edward's immediate attention. The most urgent, perhaps, will be the India problem.

Here is a large and rich section of the British Empire—the largest and richest section, as a matter of fact—into which the British Emperor was well advised, in the years preceding the war, not to step. To be sure, official statements placed the blame for abandoning the usual Indian coronation on Queen Elizabeth, who was represented as being too fragile to stand two crownings in one year. But the real reason that there wasn't any crowning of King George and Queen Elizabeth as Emperor George and Empress Elizabeth was that there couldn't be without risking a hostile demonstration which might result in the amputation of India from the British body politic. And that reason will still exist when the present war in Europe is a thing of the past.

Edward, on the other hand, is *persona grata* in India. As the Prince of Wales he played polo with India's princes, danced with India's princesses, and ingratiated himself as no Englishman had ever done with this troubled, restless people.

Edward Windsor can go to India any time he chooses and he will be sure to find "Welcome" on the Calcutta doorstep. As Viceroy he could, perhaps, save the Empire.

India has been emphasized as a field of action for the Duke of Windsor. In that faraway land lies a task peculiarly fitted to his demonstrated abilities. Obviously, however, he might be appointed Britain's first postwar ambassador to Germany or to the United States. He would be of infinite service in either of these key positions. For there is no doubt that he is, in the highest sense of the word, the diplomat *par excellence*.

Sir Gilbert Parker wrote of Edward when he was Prince of Wales: "His finesse is not artificial, it is sincere and human, and has behind it a real love of the work he has to do and of the Empire which he serves."

NEVER has a public personage been more widely known or more widely loved. Edward's popularity has outlived the decades. It is as strong at home as it is abroad.

But his availability in the world crisis which will inevitably follow the war is not based alone on popularity. He knows more about the British Empire than any other man in it. He commands the affection of more British voters than any other man in British public life. Throughout the Empire and throughout the world he has had close contacts with the greatest statesmen of his time. Association with such men—to this man of insatiable curiosity—has been a fountain source of knowledge and wisdom.

The picture of Edward Windsor buried every night under showers of night-club confetti is as false as the picture of him as a dissipated weakling drowning in a sea of brandy and soda. The man who leads that kind of life doesn't drive his own car thirty miles out in the country every night to be close to his flowers and his dogs, nor does he get up in the morning at seven, pull on sweat shirt and shorts, and run three miles before breakfast. He doesn't, for twenty-five years, carry on under the stiffest schedule of

official appointments and duties that ever fell to the lot of man.

And there is nothing in the Duchess' past, either, to indicate that she is by breeding or choice a night-life habitué. Her Baltimore girlhood was distinctly sheltered; her later American life was spent in naval aviation posts and schools far from the bright lights; and in London she was a stranger to the West End late spots until fate and her friends, the Furnesses, catapulted her into the so-called "Prince of Wales set."

But if social leadership is something which is required of them in the assumption of new political responsibility, they are fully equal to the task, in whatever capital of the world they may be called upon to serve.

Edward's main strength, however, is with those Britishers who have never seen the inside of a Mayfair drawing room. The story of his visits to the homes of the undernourished Welsh miners will always be a dynamic legend, a heartbreaking folk tale of a loyal ruler's attempt to help his countrymen in distress against the will of a less accessible and, to say the least, less sympathetic Cabinet.

MUCH has been made by scandalmongers of the fact that Edward called on British Ambassador Sir Samuel Hoare and on Dictator Franco upon his arrival in Spain. Of course he called on them. Nothing could have been more tactless than not to have paid his respects to his country's representative in the Spanish capital, and nothing could have been more downright rude and ungrateful than not to have presented himself to the ruler of the country which had given him much needed sanctuary. The fact that Franco is a totalitarian ruler is not Edward's fault. He is the head of a nation with which England is at peace and wishes to stay at peace, and as such he is entitled to the utmost courtesy from England's former King.

The inference is drawn that Edward may have discussed with Franco and with Sir Samuel the outlook for a negotiated peace between Britain and Germany. If he did, there was nothing reprehensible in the procedure. Wars must have ends as well as beginnings; and the end of this one, whether in months or years, will almost surely start with conversations between unofficial representatives of warring countries resident in neutral capitals. Don't be surprised if Edward, after finishing his American stint, is reassigned to neutral listening posts for as long as the war lasts, so that he may, when the right time comes, hasten its conclusion.

In any event, it is as certain as anything can be in the present more than usually uncertain world that Edward Windsor will be restored at war's end to the station in life to which he was born and for which he was trained. In fact, he and his Duchess are the only people in all Europe who may be better off when the war ends than they were when it began!

THE END

Shore leave—and all was not well...

The second day ashore—the day of the Admiral's Ball—I developed a headache and a logy, sick feeling. I knew I needed a laxative. "There goes today's fun," I grumbled: "a laxative won't clear up this trouble for hours." "Take Sal Hepatica," advised my pal: "that'll help fix you up in a hurry."

So into the drugstore he piloted me and while the clerk mixed up a fizzy, sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica, my friend explained. "Sal Hepatica helps you fast two ways. First, it acts fast as a laxative—usually within an hour. Second, Sal Hepatica helps counteract excess gastric acidity, sweetens a sour stomach. You just try it." I did and...

Soon, my head clearer, my pep returning, I danced every dance at the Ball. And when I headed for the ship again, what do you think I had for cargo? A bottle of Sal Hepatica! "Why waste a whole day—on shore or at sea, feeling bad," opined I, "when Sal Hepatica can have you ship-shape in no time?"

SAL HEPATICA

for a faster come-back

TUNE IN! Abbott and Costello—laughs, music—Wed. at 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

This story of an entirely possible future opened in Liberty last week with a panoramic look at the state of world affairs in the early months of 1945. It found Adolf Hitler at that time master of all Europe west of Russia. It found Mussolini Hitler's prisoner in exile on Corvo, smallest island of the once Portuguese Azores. It found Japan, after her conquest of China, sharing India with Hitler and more or less in league with him against the crafty time-biding Stalin. It found South America Nazi-infiltrated and a formidable competitor of the United States in exports to Hitler's Greater United German Reich. And it found the United States, with Canada as sole ally, striving desperately, on the verge of bankruptcy, to arm as the situation demanded; to make itself unassailable. This would take two more years, during which Americans must hope that the Eastern Hemisphere's three great Powers' fear of one another would keep any of them from striking at the Western.

Mussolini, Hitler's irritating ally in 1940-41, had been captured and Italy subdued by a treacherous "Double Trojan Horse coup" on Hitler's part in May, 1941, after Britain had been forced to sue for peace, scuttling much of her navy and handing over the rest. From that time until February, 1945, Mussolini's whereabouts had been unknown to the world. It was now known not only that he was a prisoner on Corvo but that he had lost his mind.

The night of May 19, 1945, Adolf Hitler spent at Berchtesgaden, pondering before his vast map of the world his next move toward the fulfillment of his destiny. Eastward lay Russia, his most detested enemy, with its fertile Ukraine a rich prize. Westward were the Americas, with the United States (as he imagined it) internally shaky and forever on the verge of revolt. What did its discordant people's notion of "liberty" amount to, compared with his own and his Reich youth's "grim fanaticism"? Could such a people meet his challenge?

In the end his finger on the map moved westward, to come to rest at Baltimore, Maryland. His plans were complete, his mind made up. In three months, in August, America was to be invaded.

LIGHTNING IN THE NIGHT
A STORY OF THE INVASION OF AMERICA

BY FRED ALLHOFF

with the advice and counsel of Lieutenant General Robert Lee Bullard, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, George E. Sokolsky, and many others

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART TWO—THE ENEMY STRIKES

HE sat on Waikiki's sands, off Diamond Head, and watched a girl.

Out in a pounding surf whipped up by the islands' trade winds, the girl clambered to a precarious footing on the wet surfboard as it slid down the advancing slope of a huge wave.

Poised easily erect, her arms slightly bent and held forward against a possible spill, she came hurtling toward him like some green-and-white goddess out of the sea. She came into shallow water near the spot on the beach where he was sitting, and a beach boy took the surfboard while she stooped to slap clinging water from young, rounded thighs.

Crossing the beach, she pulled off the white rubber bathing cap she wore and let wind and an early-morning sun play with hair that was the color of fire. As she came closer, he observed with approval that her eyes were green-flecked.

He thought of one of the United States Navy's demands of the agents who constitute its Naval Intelligence: they must be thoroughly unsusceptible to women. The brass hats who thought up *that* qualification, he decided, had never seen *this* girl. A man could be just so unsusceptible; no more.

She was panting a little, the surf-green bathing suit forming taut intriguing curves as she breathed. He rose as her path brought her near him, nodded toward the surf.

"You're quite good at that."

She halted, appraised him with cool eyes before granting a friendly smile that revealed even white teeth.

Liberty's successor to The Red Napoleon
sweeps swiftly now into startling action

He got her in his arms and went lunging up the stairs.

"Lucky," she corrected. "I've been at it for years. Usually I pile up. Your first visit to Honolulu?"

He nodded.

"You'll love it here. It's very beautiful—and very peaceful."

The shy, friendly smile broke out again before she turned away.

Peaceful! Lieutenant Douglas Norton's lips curled wryly and his steel-gray eyes were hard and bitter. He wondered if ever again in his lifetime the world would know true, full peace. You couldn't be in Naval Intelligence and not realize that the blow-off was near. This pretty girl talked as Americans had still been talking back in 1940, five years ago. People kept saying smugly, "You can't stop progress"—by which they meant civilization. They never seemed to realize that you couldn't stop a war machine, either. You built one—as America even now was building—to hold what you had; or you built it as Germany and Japan and Russia had built theirs—to grab. You started it rolling and . . . He checked himself.

"Norton!" he growled. "A philosopher at thirty! Cut it out!"

THE sun beat down on his lean, hard body. The waves rolled in to shush him. Diamond Head in complacent majesty peered out over the water as she had in centuries past when puny men had hurled themselves at each other and died swallowing their own blood. . . . It *was* peaceful here. The girl was right. It would be nice to lie beside such a girl on the sand, to talk, to swim . . . to forget. . . .

After a plunge, he dressed and returned to his Bishop Street hotel for breakfast. Later, in his third-floor room, he took from the inside pocket of his coat a dog-eared letter. He knew that last letter from his brother Jimmy by heart, but he read it again.

It was dated May 25, 1945. It read:

Dear Doug:

Von Holtz is here in Shanghai. Remember him? Tall, hard-faced gent. Sixty, but looks fifty. Well dressed. Wears a Homburg and a monocle. He was one of the pay-off boys for German agents in America in 1918. A smooth customer—and dangerous. Professes to be anti-Nazi, but he was kicked out of one of the little South American countries last year. He's one of the best spies Germany ever had. Still is.

He's stopping at my hotel here. Has three adjoining rooms. Uses only the middle one. I figured that where there was von Holtz there was a hell of a good story. I greased the right palms and strung a dictograph wire from a closet in his room to my room. I've been glued to it ever since. And, Doug, I'm getting my story. It's hotter than a two-dollar pistol, but it belongs to the United States government, not to any news service.

Last night von Holtz had a visitor—little Tojo Koichi of the Japanese Foreign Office. Von Holtz nearly scared little Koichi out of his pants. He showed him credentials that must have been signed by Hitler himself. And he told him that by the end of this month Germany and Japan would break off relations—violently.

Doug, it's a plant—a fake. I couldn't get all of their conversation (it was in German, thank God) but here's the setup: Within one week an "unpleasant incident" involving Japanese-German relations will occur. I think the fall guy will be Heinrich Dietrichsohn of the Nazi Foreign Office. They'll "promote" him to a post in Japan—where something unpleasant will happen to him. He's in the bad graces of the Ribbentrop clique in Berlin. I don't know what they have planned for him. A beating by Jap soldiers, maybe. Berlin will howl and denounce the Japs and withdraw her ambassador and demand indemnities. Japan will snap back at Germany. And Russia will woo Japan as an ally.

Japan will ally herself with Russia. Tojo Koichi is close to Stalin. Actually, things will be the same except that Japan, working with Russia, will report directly to Berlin.

What the purpose of this maneuvering is, I don't know. To trick Russia, certainly. To lull America—perhaps. Perhaps it is the opener for that invasion of the United States that we've worried about so long. I hope not. But watch Heinrich Dietrichsohn.

A friend leaving here on the Clipper tomorrow will bring this letter. Von Holtz and Koichi are having another get-together tonight. I'll have more letters for you—if I can get them out. Good-by now. JIMMY.

Lieutenant Douglas Norton had received no more letters from his young brother. Instead, two days later a cable from Shanghai had informed him that Jimmy Norton had "accidentally" fallen to his death from the window of his Shanghai hotel room.

Within a week Heinrich Dietrichsohn of the German Foreign Office had been shot to death by Japanese "students" in Tokyo and the Tokyo-Berlin axis seemed smashed. Japan and Russia smoothed out old differences, became allies.

Baron von Holtz had vanished. Until last week, nothing had been heard of him. Then Lieutenant Douglas Norton had been called to Washington, where a superior told him:

"Von Holtz is in Honolulu. He's vacationed there before. Hangs around with the money crowd. Whether he's up to anything or not, I don't know. We could kick him out, but I'd rather let him move around freely—under observation. You think he's responsible for your brother's death, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"If you were assigned to watch him, would that fact affect your work?"

"No, sir."

"Take a plane to the Coast. Pick up a reservation there on the Clipper. He's been in Honolulu a week. See what he's up to. I don't want him arrested—unless it's necessary. We'll save that pleasure until wartime. It's less complicated shooting a spy then. Here's a copy of our dossier on him. Study it, then destroy it. You'll find he's a frequent guest at the home of Wilma Joyce. Sugar heiress. Long on looks and money, short on brains. She and her kid sister think 'adventurers' are smart. Good luck, lieutenant."

And so Lieutenant Douglas Norton had come to Honolulu the day before. To trail Baron von Holtz, the man responsible for his brother's death.

Discreet questions had obtained for him the location of Wilma Joyce's show-place home. That much of his quest had been simple enough. But this girl, this slender girl with flaming red hair whom he had spoken to on Waikiki Beach this morning—the thought of her was both puzzling and disturbing to him. He had seen newspaper photographs of the "Sugar Queen," as the tabloids called Wilma Joyce. This girl could not be Wilma. Then who was she?

It came to him—with a pang—that Wilma Joyce had a sister. That was it. This girl was the Joyce girl's kid sister. You just don't go around falling for heiresses—or their sisters. Not on navy pay.

That evening, on his way to the hotel dining room, he cut through the bar. A voice that had lilt and warmth said, "Hello, there!"

It was the red-haired girl. She was as beautiful in an evening gown as she had seemed on the beach. Before he could speak to her, a suave—too suave—voice said:

"May I buy your friend a drink?"

Reluctantly he took his eyes off the girl to find himself staring at Baron von Holtz. He knew at once the face that looked at him with indifferent appraisal over a highball glass. A lean, shrewd, sardonic face. Close-cropped gray hair. The inevitable monocle.

IT took effort, tremendous effort, to keep out of his own face the hatred that welled up within him. There were confused introductions, and as his long lean fingers clasped those of the older man, Lieutenant Douglas Norton (he had told them his name was Arthur Weller) wished fervently that they might have been clamped around von Holtz' neck instead.

He hated both of them in that moment: von Holtz for what he knew him to be; the girl for being with von Holtz. Her name, he learned, was Peggy O'Liam. It matched her hair and voice, but it meant nothing to him otherwise—nothing beyond the fact that she was not Wilma Joyce's kid sister. . . .

"A drink, Mr. Weller?" von Holtz asked.

"No, thank you."

The baron's eyebrows lifted. They chatted inconsequentially. Von Holtz asked:

"It is true, do you know, Mr. Weller, that in the United States Navy members of Naval Intelligence must be teetotalers?"

It was true. This one-eyed devil was cunning. Well, if he wanted to play . . . Aloud he said:

"I wouldn't know about that. My line's insurance. Ask me anything about insurance and I can tell you. We've got a policy you should look into sometime. Double indemnity—in case of accidental or violent death."

The baron frowned.

"How depressing!"

The girl seemed amused. To von Holtz' annoyance, they all dined together. Later, in his room, Lieutenant Norton added up the day. It was both good—and bad. Bad because he had "burned himself up." Some one else would have to trail von Holtz; you can't shadow a man who has met you. On the other hand, he could regard the girl coldly, now, not as a girl but as a possible source of information about von Holtz. . . .

Trying to sleep that night, he found it a little difficult not to think about Peggy O'Liam as a girl.

Next day he tried to reach her by telephone at the Joyce home. He failed, but learned incidentally that she was Wilma Joyce's secretary and that she was to attend a dance at his hotel that evening. When evening came, he stood in the ballroom doorway until he had caught sight of her. She was with a crowd of young people, some of the men in navy uniforms. Von Holtz wasn't there, apparently. He went down into the lobby to wait.

He remembered, later, that the last time he had looked at his watch it had been eleven forty.

PERHAPS a minute later she stepped out of the elevator, and he rose to cross the lobby and meet her. She smiled her recognition.

"Leaving early?" he asked.

"Sneaking out for a breath of air."

"Mind if I go along?"

"I'd like that," she said.

They were thirty feet from the street door when he stopped suddenly, his body tense, his face alert and grim. Peggy O'Liam asked:

"What is it?"

"Listen!"

The increasing roar sounded like the surging swell of voices from a distant stadium.

"Planes," she said. "Our patrol . . ."

He shook his head. "Too many."

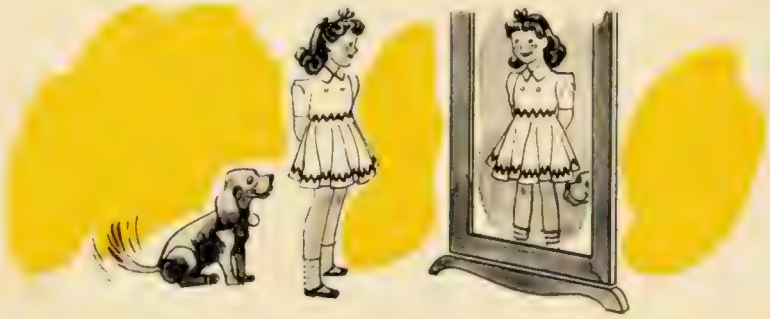
In the distance there were sharp explosions—like vicious cracks of thunder. They rolled and blasted and echoed. Something whistled and thudded outside in Bishop Street. A blinding, jagged sheet of yellow flame rose and spread. A portion of the street shivered and buckled and chunks of paving rattled against the hotel. Where the street had been was a great deep crater. A ten-pound piece of concrete hurtled through the glass of the lobby door and bounced to a stop near their feet.

He had just time enough to notice three things: the location of the stairway off the lobby; the white bloodless face of the girl beside him; and—

There was a little shadow

There was a little shadow that went everywhere with Jean.
It hid in every dainty dress and made it look so mean.
Folks always saw that shadow, that tattle-tale in gray;
"Her mother sure is careless!" you could hear them say.

"I scrub so hard!" Jean's Mommy sighed. "My clothes will *not* come white."
"Then blame your soap," a good friend cried. "It doesn't wash things right!
For lazy soap just *can't* wash clean. The deep-down dirt it skips!
So get Fels-Naptha right away in *golden* bar or chips."



And now there is no shadow that goes everywhere with Jean.
This *golden, naptha* soap, you know, gets clothes so white and clean!
Yes, Jeanie's shadow "snuck" away. Her clothes now shine like new!
If *you've* a shadow *you* don't want, now you know what to do!

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

GET Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's today. Use the big, *golden* bar for bar-soap jobs. Use the *golden* chips for box-soap jobs!

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most horrible of all—the billow of low-crawling vaporous stuff with the smell of horseradish that, sucked into the lobby from the street, rolled toward them knee-high.

Then every light in the hotel went out. There were more blasts outside—farther away. After that, confusion—hoarse voices and aimlessly running figures. And outside, a sudden hush between explosions . . .

Lieutenant Norton grabbed for the girl's wrist and found it. His eyes fought the darkness as he pulled her, stumbling, in the direction of the stairway. They collided with a whimpering woman and a fat panting man who pushed them to one side as he growled, "Let us out of here!" The girl fell to her knees. He bent down and got her in his arms and went lunging up the stairs. He was on the second-floor landing when another high-explosive bomb let loose outside. He wondered what had happened to the woman and the fat man.

THE girl's bare arms were about his neck and her hair brushed his cheek. She was light in weight, yet by the time he reached the third floor his arms ached and his heart pumped a violent protest.

"Can you walk?"

She nodded, and he put her down and she followed him down the corridor and into his room. He went over to close the windows, saw a black shape hurtle down, sprang back. The whole building shook and glass shattered and blew into the room and his head ached violently. The girl clapped her hands to her ears and screamed.

"That won't help," he snapped.

"I'm sorry. It hurt my ears." She paused, added truthfully, "And I'm scared."

"If it'll help any, we're both scared. We're as safe here as anywhere. We're high enough above the gas. We could use more floors above us. If they manage a direct hit . . ."

He shrugged. Across the street an incendiary drop bomb plunged through the roof of a building—exploded.

The inside of the building began to burn. It threw yellow flickering light into his room. He went into the bathroom and turned on the tub faucet. There was still water. In the distance he could hear the chatter of three-inch guns and the less rapid crackling of the 105-millimeter antiaircraft batteries.

He came back into the garishly lighted room and told the girl:

"Go into the bathroom. Take off all your clothes. Everything. Get into the tub and let it fill. Don't empty it when you're through. There may not be any more water. I'll be back."

"But . . ."

"Do as I say!" he snapped.

He took a hand flashlight and his gun from a dresser drawer and went out into the corridor. He found the supply closet and tried its door. Locked. He fired four shots into the lock and got it open. He found what he was looking for—bars of strong yellow laundry soap. He returned to his room and got a fresh pair of his pajamas and walked into the bathroom. The girl gasped and slid down under the water. He paid no attention to her.

"Will you get out of here?" she said.

He said nothing. He found her clothes on the floor. He gathered them up—all of them—went to the window, opened it, threw them out.

"Have you gone mad?"

His nerves were ready to snap. In the distance, guns and bombs still clattered. He thought of von Holtz—von Holtz, who had found it convenient to run out on this little raid. Turning back, he let the whole blast of his anger, worry, and hatred loose on the girl in a cold, furious voice.

"I'm not interested in you or your German playmate, but if you have room for anything but conceit in that head of yours, listen: That stuff in the lobby tonight was gas. Mustard—or worse. It goes through clothes and gets into clothes and contaminates them. It goes through skin—and you feel nothing because it doesn't attack the sensory nerves. It gets in your eyes, and you don't notice it, and seven hours later you're blind. It blisters and destroys and sometimes kills.

"Maybe we got some of it, maybe we didn't. If you want advice, here it is: Use that bar of laundry soap—not the scented hotel stuff. Use plenty of it. Then get into those fresh pajamas."

He went out and rummaged for another pair of pajamas, and walked along the corridor until he came to a room whose door was open. Its occupants had fled. He managed to fill the tub half full before the faucet sputtered and the water gave out. He undressed and threw his clothes away, lathered himself carefully with the coarse yellow soap, then got into the pajamas and felt better. He went back to his own room. Except for street noises, it was quiet outside.

PEGGY O'LIAM stood in the middle of the room. The pajamas were too large for her and she had rolled up their trouser cuffs. A pair of his house slippers flopped as she moved toward him. She had his trench coat over one arm.

"It seems to be over. If I can borrow your coat, I'll not bother you any further."

"You can't go," he said quietly. "The lobby's full of gas."

"I'll find another room."

"As you wish."

Flame flickered in the building across the way. She had her lower lip between her teeth. But the tears and hysteria came anyway.

"I want you to know," she said in a choked little voice, "that I'm grateful for what you've done for me. But"—she began to stutter—"d-d-did you have to be so d-d-damned nasty about it?"

He didn't answer. He opened his arms and she came into them, sobbing, and clutched him blindly as a child clutches. He lifted her and crossed the room and sank into an armchair with her in his arms. He felt rotten and ashamed. He stroked her wet red hair, and after a while exhaustion won and she became limp and quiet and slept cradled in his arms. His own nerves were played out, and he wished bitterly that the man who was dying out in the street would go about it more quietly. And after a while it was quiet and he too slept.

IT was war.

The Chemical Warfare Service boys came around early the next morning, spreading dry chloride of lime to decontaminate gas-drenched streets and buildings. Then soldiers to remove the bodies. Labor gangs began filling in the shell holes.

Lieutenant Norton dressed and went down and arranged for food to be sent up to his room. He returned to it and had breakfast with Peggy O'Liam.

"What does it all mean?" she asked him.

"War," he said bluntly. "We're in it this time. That was just a sample last night. If they can grab our base here, our fleet will have to operate from the Pacific coast. They'll push us back and at the same time increase their own radius of operations to our mainland. They'll bring the war right to our front porch. They haven't taken this place yet, of course. Landing men won't be easy. But if they knock it out, if we can't base here . . ."

He shrugged.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"Tell me about von Holtz."

She told him—simply and sincerely. The Joyce sisters, who found von Holtz amusing, had often had him as a guest at their home. They were in America now. Von Holtz had come out to the house, found them gone, invited her to dinner. He had left Oahu the day before in a small boat he sometimes chartered, piloted himself.

"I don't know where he went. He wanted me to go with him. Was very persistent about it, in fact. It sounded like one of those 'come-and-see-my-etchings' things. I said no."

"I want to locate him," Norton told her. "The man's a spy. When you get home, make me a list of every person you've ever seen him in conversation with."

She nodded gravely. He got up to leave.

"I'll contact you later," he promised. "There'll be a marine here in an hour. He'll see that you get home. Sorry I couldn't dig up clothes for you. You can wear my coat over that rig." He paused at the door. "Until we find out how bad things are, don't drink any water—or milk—without boiling it first."

She said, "Thank you. Good-by."

He left and hunted up Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy, whom he knew. With Fitzroy was Major

Charles Hobart of the Hawaiian Department's Military Intelligence. Fitzroy said:

"Good to see you, lieutenant. Well, it's come at last."

"I'm afraid you'll have to tell me what happened, sir. I was sitting it out in a hotel room. Was it bad?"

"Very bad. They caught us flat-footed. Approached very high. Twenty, maybe thirty thousand feet. Came gliding in. Our sound locators picked them up in time for us to get a squadron of fighters of our 78th Pursuit off Wheeler Field. By the time the 78th could climb and contact them they were all directly over the field. The antiaircraft boys held up their fire for fear they'd shoot down our own planes."

Fitzroy scowled as he went on. "They might as well have. Our men came dropping down like flies. Horribly outnumbered. And then they were on us. They must have hit this island with three hundred planes—and they knew just where to strike and what to strike with.

"They hit us with incendiaries the first time over. Must have been baby thermite bombs. They dropped them like rain. They caught the hangars at Hickam and Wheeler fields and even went out of their way to set fire to Rogers airport buildings and the barracks. We salvaged just about a skeleton flight of ships: a couple out of the 5th Bombardment Group at Hickam and a couple of the 86th's observation buses at Wheeler. That's all we've got left—and we can't get them off the ground unless we learn to fly straight up. The enemy gave us three blasts last night. On the second and third trips around they dropped high explosives. Our flying fields look like cribbage boards gone wrong. It'll be days before we can patch them up."

Lieutenant Norton asked, "Casualties heavy, sir?"

"Heavy enough. They scored a direct hit on a building at Schofield Barracks. And we've got a flock of pretty bad burn cases from the airfields. All the hospital beds around here are filled and we're putting tents outside Tripler General Hospital. They gave the civilian areas hell, too. Only place they used gas."

"I know," said Lieutenant Norton. "Ran into some of it. Trying to break down the civilian morale."

FITZROY nodded. "The gas cases are starting to come in now. We'll have to find room for them. And evacuation's going to be a problem. Clipper service, of course, has been suspended. The Japs are reputed fond of shooting down unarmed transport planes."

So it was Japan that the United States was at war with.

"And Pearl Harbor, sir?"

"A mess," said Fitzroy. "We're shutting it up with a net and boom in case they try to slip any submarines in. But we're not going to be able to repair any of our own ships there for a while. They scored direct hits on the foundries and on the pumping plant near the drydock. They burned the air-station hangars, blew a traveling crane into the water, and damaged the supply depot. The hospital's all right and they didn't hit any of the fuel-oil tanks, thank God. Our ships can still come back here and fuel—if they don't polish off the storage tanks in the meanwhile.

"Pearl Harbor was a cinch. It wasn't moonlight last night, but all they had to do was follow the coast line and blast away. We knocked down fifty of their planes—most of them Russian. We'd have done better with our antiaircraft fire on a clear night."

Lieutenant Norton thought of that last letter from Jimmy. "So the attack was by both Japan and Russia?"

Fitzroy nodded. "Yes. They've ganged up on us. We shot them down fast. They came faster."

"But how could they get several hundred planes here?"

"God knows. Japan and Russia together wouldn't have enough aircraft carriers for that, even if they could slip them up on us—which they couldn't. My guess is that they got a couple of carriers through our screen by traveling away from regular shipping lanes. That would put 100 to 150 little shipboard fighters in striking distance. The long-range bombers—those we shot down were all flying boats—either flew it all the way to rendezvous with the fighters, or gassed up from sub-

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marines, or came out of Wotje, Jaluit, or Kusaie in the Japanese Mandates. We had a patrol up last night, of course, but they either went around it or over it. And our patrol planes never got back."

Lieutenant Norton pondered the situation. It was desperately serious. Russia was strong in tanks, planes, submarines, and men. Japan had a formidable navy, plus a leadership tested and hardened in the war on China. That combination meant trouble. One thing puzzled him.

"How," he asked the two officers, "did they happen to score so heavily here? I should have thought they would have picked a moonlight night."

It was Major Hobart of Military Intelligence who answered that one.

"A little local conniving," he said bitterly. "They didn't even need to see Wheeler or Hickam airdromes to hit us with damned good accuracy. We found out why this morning. A little over a mile from each field we found oil torches laid out on the ground. The torches were those bomb-shaped affairs used in street construction—and easily seen through night glasses. They were laid out to form an arrow fifty feet long, its head pointing directly at an objective.

"The raid occurred at eleven forty-two last night. Shortly before then some one lit the torches."

LIEUTENANT NORTON thought: Some one had to pay some one else to light them. Aloud he muttered, "Von Holtz!"

Major Hobart grinned wryly. "It's probably the baron's fine hand. The man's an eel. He got out before the show last night. I'd give a lot to know where he is."

"And our navy, sir?" Norton asked Fitzroy.

"Left here two days ago, supposedly on maneuvers. Actually, we had word that the Japanese fleet was maneuvering close to the 'Fence' and the old man went out to have a look. Our Naval Intelligence men in Russia told us that her navy was massing, too.

"Since the raid last night—they played hob with our radio stations—our communications have been pretty spotty. But we've been able to pick up two things:

"The United States has formally declared war on Russia and Japan. And the Japanese and Russian fleets have rendezvoused, are already across the Fence and are heading straight for here."

Lieutenant Norton felt sober indeed. It added up to a pretty black picture. He found himself counting fingers. Fitzroy smiled.

"If you're trying to figure the odds against our navy, lieutenant, this is about the situation:

"The Japs have eighteen first-line battleships; Russia has eight. That's twenty-six. Against those twenty-six, we have eighteen based out here—not enough to tangle with them.

"However, it isn't as bad as it sounds. We have eight ships on the Pacific coast: four based off California, another four on this side of the Panama Canal at Balboa. The latter four—the Maine, Missouri, New Jersey, and Ohio—which were ready to shoot through the Canal the moment any trouble started in the Atlantic, will now join the four California—based ships—the Utah, Montana, Wyoming, and Iowa—and the squadron will come here at once to reinforce our Pacific fleet. Should be on their way now.

"That will give us twenty-six against the Russo-Jap combine of twenty-six. The old man can pick his own playground and then sit back and slug it out. And if our gunnery isn't the finest in the world, then I don't know the old man. He may even elect to pit his eighteen ships against them before the coast squadron arrives."

Fitzroy scratched his head.

"Of course that would leave only nine of our total thirty-five ships in the Atlantic. Nine ships against Hitler's twenty-two would be useless. But before he could get his navy to America we could reshuffle our own fleet to the best advantage and get enough ships back into the Atlantic to give him a stand-up fight."

Lieutenant Norton sensed Fitzroy's feeling of almost devout gratitude for the fact that America had the Panama Canal. On the "Big Ditch" America's defense truly depended. It was the nerve center of our defense system. So long as we held the Panama Canal, our shores would be reasonably safe from invasion.

THE bombing of the Island of Oahu had occurred at eleven forty-two on the night of July 31, 1945—a Tuesday.

The next week was a nightmare, with disaster after disaster falling like the blows of a hammer.

At eight o'clock on the morning of August 1 the President of the United States announced by radio to the country that America was at war with Russia and Japan, whose fleets, even then, were headed eastward.

On August 2 tremendous concentrations of Russian planes from Wellington, Anadyrsk, Petropavlovsk, and from Big Diomede and Komandorski Islands, raided and destroyed American air and submarine bases of the United States at Sitka and in the Aleutians.

On August 3, having complete command of the Bering Straits, Russian and Japanese troops and equipment began the short trip across the water to Alaska.

On that same day the "old man," Commander in Chief Burton Sterrett, contacted the Japanese and Russian navies off Hawaii, and, without waiting for the help that was coming, went into action. He had the sun at his back and a tight battle line, and they didn't. He put Russia's 35,000-ton Tretti International and her 23,000-ton Oktiabrskaya-Revolutia on the floor of the sea and sent Japan's Yamasiro to join them before the enemy laid a destroyer smoke screen

and took to their heels. He rubbed his nose with the bowl of his pipe and thought of the squadron of battleships now three days off the Pacific coast, and wondered if this whole thing had been a feint.

It had.

On the following day Lieutenant Douglas Norton walked into the office of Lieutenant Commander Dudley Fitzroy, who with a hand that shook a little turned over to him a radio flimsy just received. It read:

PANAMA CANAL UNDER GERMAN CONTROL

It wasn't easy to understand, at first, or to believe. It didn't say the Canal had been attacked or destroyed. Simply: "Under German control."

"That's all I've got," Fitzroy said. "I'm trying to get more information. If it means what it says. . . ."

It would mean, Lieutenant Norton told himself, that the United States navy was virtually bottled up in the Pacific. It would mean that, to get out of that bottle, the twenty-six battleships in the Pacific and their cruisers and destroyers and train would have to round Cape Horn. Such a trip would take from forty-eight days to two months.

TWO months! Months during which the Atlantic would become the thoroughfare of the Greater United German Reich, despite the best efforts of the meager American fleet in it. Months during which Adolf Hitler's troops, supplies, and guns could be moved, almost without convoy, across the ocean.

The first line of defense for America's east coast had been rendered impotent in one swift blow. And on that east coast, deprived of protective sea power, lay the great industrial triangle formed, roughly, by the cities of Boston, Wilmington, and Pittsburgh. Extend that triangle deeper—say to Omaha—and you encompassed everything on which America depended.

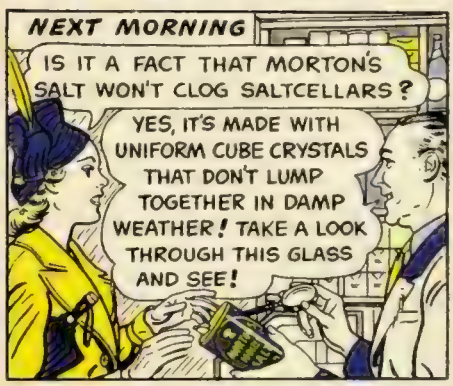
The very jugular of the nation lay awaiting what must soon come—the sharp knife of Nazi invasion.

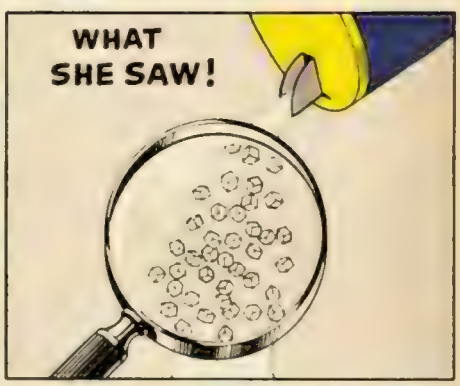
All of these things passed, with sickening certainty, through Norton's mind. He looked into Fitzroy's bleak eyes, and what he saw there made him wince. And Fitzroy said quietly:

"Our country has known some black days, but none so black as this one. God help us all!"

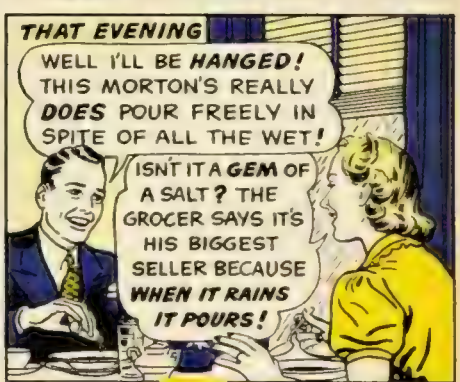
The Panama Canal under Hitler's control! How could he have seized it? From his side of the Atlantic? Or from bases in the Western Hemisphere? Was he now to set about invading America at once, or first to flourish a sinister offer of "peace"—as he had at Britain in the spring of 1940? And . . . how were Peggy O'Liam and Doug Norton to fare meanwhile in ravaged Hawaii? All these developments in an entirely possible future, Lightning in the Night will reveal to you next week!

I'M SORRY THAT MY SALT WON'T POUR! I GUESS BEING NEAR ALL THIS WATER HAS MADE IT CAKE.
WHY ON EARTH DON'T YOU START USING MORTON'S SALT—THAT FAMOUS NON-CAKING KIND?


NEXT MORNING
IS IT A FACT THAT MORTON'S SALT WON'T CLOG SALTCELLARS?
YES, IT'S MADE WITH UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS THAT DON'T LUMP TOGETHER IN DAMP WEATHER! TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THIS GLASS AND SEE!



HOW WONDERFUL! BUT ISN'T IT A LOT MORE EXPENSIVE THAN SALT THAT CAKES?
NO, AN AVERAGE FAMILY CAN USE MORTON'S SALT FOR ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!


THAT EVENING
WELL I'LL BE HANGED! THIS MORTON'S REALLY DOES POUR FREELY IN SPITE OF ALL THE WET!
ISN'T IT A GEM OF A SALT? THE GROCER SAYS IT'S HIS BIGGEST SELLER BECAUSE WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS!

The nation's favorite because

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

American housewives use more Morton's Salt than any other brand because it's made with uniform *cube-shaped* crystals that don't lump together in wet weather and clog their saltcellars. And also because it has an improved *wire-hinged* pouring spout that won't tear out no matter how often it's opened and closed. Yet despite these superiorities an average family can enjoy Morton's Salt for only 2¢ a week! At most groceries.

IODIZED OR PLAIN—WITH A SPOUT THAT WON'T TEAR OUT!

Seal below denotes the acceptance of Morton's Iodized Salt.

A tall black-browed man led the charge. "There she is!" he shouted.

Boy meets miracle! A joyous tale of Hollywood starshine and a dream that came true

BY KALMAN PHILLIPS

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

ALEXANDER GOES TO THE BALL

ALEXANDER GILLIS slouched along the elm-studded lawn with all the animation of a dyspeptic snail. His head, topped by an unruly sandy mop, was crouched between his shoulders, his hands bulged the pockets of his sports jacket, and his feet dragged. A shambles of a young man, one might have thought. And one might have wondered what had reduced this gray-eyed youth with the not unpleasant features to his present deplorable state. The answer was simple. The Junior Prom was only one week off, and Alex didn't have a girl.

And this time he had really tried to ask one, despite his disastrous shyness . . . for it was his last chance. In his inside pocket was the letter from his father informing him that, because a business venture he'd been interested in had collapsed, Alex would be forced to leave school at the end of that semester. Alex had wanted to have one fling at social life before he went away. It was no use, though. When he was alone with a girl, his larynx just didn't function.

Alex scuffed at a pebble with his shoe. The fact that he hadn't a girl wasn't the worst of it. Goaded to desperation by the gibes of his fraternity brothers, driven beyond endurance by their condescending offers to fix him up with their kid sisters or the girl friends of the girls they were taking, he had shocked them into stunned silence. He had made the incredible statement that this time he had a date . . . not only a date, but a date that would knock their eyes out and lay them in the aisles gasping.

They had gasped, all right. Red Pollard's jaw, the terror of opposing tackles on the football field, had fallen a good inch. Jeff Walton's eyes, accustomed to sighting hoops before twirling basketballs through them, had goggled. Link Miller, whose tongue waggled so effectively on the debating team, had been able to emit only a startled "*What?*" Even Billy Travers, his roommate, who was only a sophomore and hadn't had much time yet to observe Alex's stumbling futility in his efforts to cope socially with the opposite sex, had scratched his head with an uncomprehending forefinger. And then the wisecracks had started pouring forth about what Alex's "knockout" probably looked like, and they were still pouring.

Alex turned into the walk to the Beta Tau house apprehensively. Red greeted him from the porch with a "Hi, Casanova! Say, I just called Betty Lou and told her to be sure and dress up in her best for the prom. Didn't want her to be outshone too much by your girl, you know."

Alex set his chin grimly. Betty Lou was the campus queen and just about the nicest-looking number around. "She'd better," he informed them recklessly.

Link chuckled and poked Red in the ribs with his elbow. "How do you get these beautiful women, Alex?" he wanted to know. "We're your buddies. Unloose and give us a few tips, will you?"

"Well, I look at you guys and try to act as different as possible," Alex muttered. He went upstairs to his room, stared gloomily out of the window for a moment, then went to his drawer and took out the item which had so fascinated him in the paper of the day before:

Golden-voiced Regina Wayburn, whose recent picture, First Kiss, gave definite notice of her emergence from adolescent roles into those of young-womanhood, will be in Warren this next week visiting her aunt, Mrs. Colette Rogers.

Alex put the clipping down and stared at the ceiling. It was a chance . . . a crazy chance, but the only one. Regina Wayburn . . . in Warren, only one hundred miles away. But she'd never remember him . . . never recall the stammering sophomore who'd won the award last year for his essay on the influence of the motion picture on contemporary thought. The headquarters of the contest had been in Warren, and she had given out the prizes. Afterward there had been a tea, and he had sat at her table. She had spoken to him twice, once to ask him to pass the sugar and once for the cream. He had passed them dumbly. His tongue had just frozen up. Of course she'd never remember him. Still . . .

Alex thought of his frolicsome fraternity brothers and gritted his teeth. He couldn't lose anything. And . . . well . . . maybe . . .

Alex sat down at his desk and took out a sheet of writing paper. "Dear Miss Wayburn," he wrote. Then he started gnawing at the end of his pen.

It was a long week. The quips of his so-called "brothers" began to wear him down to the point where he seriously considered sending himself a telegram calling himself home for the week-end. And then, Friday morning, the small buff envelope came. A queer feeling shivered the hairs at the base of his neck. He slipped it quickly into his pocket and went up to his room. Then he sat down, looked at the ceiling, counted ten, took the envelope out of his pocket, breathed deeply, and opened it.

Dear Alexander:

I may call you Alexander, mayn't I? For, you see, I do remember you. I

remember you very well, and I think it's awfully sweet of you to write to me after such a long while.

Luckily, Aunt Colette went down for the mail when your letter came. Otherwise I would never have seen it. Mr. Sam Stowe, who handles my publicity, is staying with us, and he would either have put it in the wastebasket or had one of his secretaries say, no, I was terribly busy and couldn't make it. And I wouldn't have liked that. I have never gone to a Junior Prom and would love to go.

Aunt Colette, who is a darling, thinks that I work too hard and ought to go, and is going to drive down with me and visit with the dean. Please do not tell anybody, and I won't either—or Mr. Stowe, who is a big baboon and terribly fussy, though nice, would get to hear of it and wouldn't let me go. He never lets me do anything.

We will get to your fraternity house about nine. Aunt Colette has had one of her friends invite Mr. Stowe to dinner Saturday night, so I will be able to dress and leave without any trouble.

I am looking forward to seeing you again. Sincerely,

REGINA.

Alex put the letter down and stared out of the window. He was stunned. She was going. Regina Wayburn, the Darling of America, was going to the Junior Prom with him. He swallowed. He'd written the letter. Sure he'd written it. But he'd known all the time he was only kidding himself. He knew she'd never go. But she was! Alex drew his fingers weakly across his eyes. He was still dazed.

He got up. Then he leaned through the window and stared out over the tree-festooned campus. Same campus but different somehow. It seemed to be shimmering in a sort of golden haze.

THE lobby of the fraternity house was crowded on the evening of the prom. Several of the Junior brothers had invited girls from their home towns, and a group of pledges were given the task of conducting them with great ceremony through the sacred precincts. Alex had poked his head down earlier to see how things were going before returning to the serious business of tying his tie. He was now wrestling with it in front of the mirror, his mouth screwed up with concentration.

Billy Travers observed him anxiously from the depths of his armchair. "Say, you really do have a date, don't you? You weren't just putting it on all the time, I hope."

Alex straightened his tie. His fingers were shaking slightly. "You'll see!"

He went downstairs, Billy tagging along behind. Betty Lou, sheathed in a shimmering silver gown, was talking languidly to a slender dark-haired girl in green whom Link had brought up from the city, and Red and Link were chatting to one side. They looked up as Alex approached. Red nudged Link and nodded at Alex. "Ho, there, Don Juan. And whence comes the dazzling lady you promised us a look at?"

Alex flushed. "She'll be here."

Link looked at his watch and chuckled. "She'd better hurry. It's after nine now. About time for us to be going over to University Hall. Uh . . . she wouldn't have suddenly gotten sick and wired you she couldn't come, would she?"

"Well," Alex muttered, "as a matter of fact—"

"Hola!" Red turned to Billy. "Pay up, son."

Alex blinked at the rueful Billy putting a reluctant hand into his pocket. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, old man." Link slapped him on the shoulder. "Just that your little roomie here didn't know you as well as Red and I do. We had a bet."

Betty Lou patted his arm. "It's all right, Alex. I'll dance with you . . . once." She laughed. "You are the funniest boy."

KALMAN PHILLIPS

was born in New York City and still lives there. Before he took up writing, he sold advertising, worked in a brokerage firm, and was plowed under in the stock market. Likes conversation, books, and winter sports.

"Oh." Alex's face darkened. "Keep your money, Billy. I was only going to say that I expected her to be late. She's coming a long way."

Red smiled paternally. "Stringing it out as long as you can, eh?" He turned to the others. "Let's go, gang. The revels are just about commencing."

Alex followed them with moody eyes as they went out through the door. Billy touched him on the arm. "Look, Alex. If you haven't got a date, I don't really mind about the bet."

"Don't worry," Alex said grimly. "I'll show the whole lot of them!"

He wasn't so sure about it an hour and a half later. The hands of the clock over the fireplace were creeping steadily around the dial, and nothing had happened. A few of the brothers were sitting around, reading, but all of the Juniors had long since left for the dance. Billy was slumped in the corner, a worried crease pulling his eyebrows down. Alex stood up and stirred the fire in the grate, a funny feeling between his shoulder blades. Maybe she wasn't coming, after all!

He heard a car sliding to a stop outside, but he didn't even turn as the bell rang. There had been too many false alarms already, and hope had dulled into listlessness. Then, suddenly, he was conscious of the startled silence that had fallen on the room. The voice of the pledge who had opened the door quavered slightly. "Uh . . . Alex. A lady to see you."

A prickly feeling ran up Alex's spine. He turned quickly. She was standing in the doorway. She was wearing a long black-and-silver wrap from under which a voluminous white skirt billowed over tiny silver slippers. Her dark-lashed eyes were brilliantly blue, and there was a white gardenia in her thick hair. The year had changed her. The bud which had promised so much hadn't failed when it opened. She was radiantly alive.

"Holy smoke!" Billy breathed. "That's Regina Wayburn!"

And the room knew it. They were staring unbelievingly.

Alex swallowed with difficulty. He crossed over rather unsteadily to meet her. He wanted to say something to welcome her, but, as usual, his vocal cords just wouldn't articulate.

She smiled and put out her hand. "Hello, Alexander." Her voice sounded a little nervous. "I—I hope you'll forgive me for being so late. Something went wrong with the motor on the way. Aunt Colette stopped off at the dean's, and I came on here as quickly as I could."

HIS eyes flickered. Her warm hand, trembling slightly in his as though she were afraid he might be angry, did something to that ineffectuality he had always felt with girls. It was a plea for some reassuring word from him as though that would make everything all right. His chest swelled suddenly. Why, she was only an exceptionally talented frightened little girl. He restrained the impulse to pat her paternally on the shoulder. "That's all right," he informed her. "Don't want to get to these things too early." His voice, amazingly, sounded easy and self-confident. He turned to Billy, who was gaping in a stunned sort of way. "Would you mind getting my hat, son?"

"Coming right up." Billy made an enthusiastic beeline for the staircase.

When he came down with the top hat, Alex offered his arm to her. "It's just across the campus," he said. "We'll walk."

Alex stopped in front of the broad steps leading up into University Hall. The hum of conversation and the soft strains of sinuous music drifted out to them. She pressed his arm excitedly. "Isn't it thrilling? I don't know when I've been out alone before. The studio always sends somebody to watch me."

Alex smiled at her. "Don't worry. I'll take care of you." And he would. The way he felt at that moment, a bull elephant charging from the bushes would have been made short work of.

They went up the steps. Alex checked his hat and took Regina over to check her wrap. The girl in the checking room gulped, choked, and swallowed her chewing gum. Then they entered the ballroom, and heads started to turn.

Alex moved his shoulders self-consciously. The ballroom was huge and dimly lighted, but it didn't seem to make much difference. They would pass, some one would look at Regina, stare, then turn and whisper, and four more people would be staring. Regina

didn't seem to mind, but it was a little too much all at once for Alex. He drew her out onto the veranda. "Whew!"

"Is anything wrong?" She looked up at him anxiously.

"Everything's perfect," Alex murmured. He was thinking of the dumfounded expressions on the faces of the few of his classmates who had recognized him. "You know," he observed thoughtfully, "in all my life, I think you're the nicest thing that ever happened to me."

"Really?" Her eyes were wide and delighted. "I—I like that. Isn't it funny, Alexander? After I gave you that prize last year, I thought I'd never see you again. Do you know why? Because I liked you. I never can have anything I like. It almost seems as though that's a studio rule, as far as I'm concerned. And now I'm—"

"Pardon me." A tall young man had come out on the veranda and was gazing at Regina. "You are Regina Wayburn, aren't you?"

"What about it?" Alex demanded. The other was a little too old to be a student, and Alex didn't recognize him and wasn't taking any chances. He was definitely in a protective mood.

The young man smiled. "I'm Ronny King, the leader of the orchestra. Some one inside told me Miss Wayburn was here. We have an excellent arrangement of that Strauss waltz she sang in her last picture. I was wondering whether she'd care to sing it this evening. It would be quite an event for the students."

Alex looked questioningly at her. She shrugged and smiled. "If you think it's all right, Alexander."

His shoulders straightened. He was feeling better every minute. He nodded. "O. K. I'll go up front, near the orchestra."

"Thanks," Ronny King said. "I'll put the number on as soon as the boys finish the medley they're playing now." He led Regina away.

Alex went inside and started to edge through the crowd to get closer to the music. He had almost reached his objective, a potted palm at the left of the bandstand, when he felt a hand on his arm.

"Well, if it isn't Casanova!"

Alex turned. "Hello, Red." He nodded at Link and Betty Lou. "Having a nice time?"

"Good enough," Link said. "I see you decided to tag along anyhow. You might have let us collect from Billy, you mug! I could use some ready cash."

"Oh, leave him alone, Link." Betty Lou smiled. "I'm really relieved he doesn't have a girl. The one Alex was going to bring would have been so attractive, nobody would pay any attention to me at all."

Red chuckled and slapped Alex on the shoulder. "Well, it's a good thing you came, anyway. We've got a celebrity in our midst. Some one just told me that Regina Wayburn is here. Sweetest thing this side of heaven. I understand she's going to sing."

"That'll be nice."

Red observed him curiously. "You don't seem very surprised."

"Alex wouldn't," Link observed. "He's the sophisticated type, above being impressed by movie stars. Wonder who she came with?"

"Me," Alex informed him.

"Huh?" Link stared at Alex. Then he chuckled, amused. "You'd better cut out the daydreaming, my boy, or they'll be putting you into a room with padding on the walls. I suppose she was the heartthrob you were telling us about all week, eh?"

"That's right."

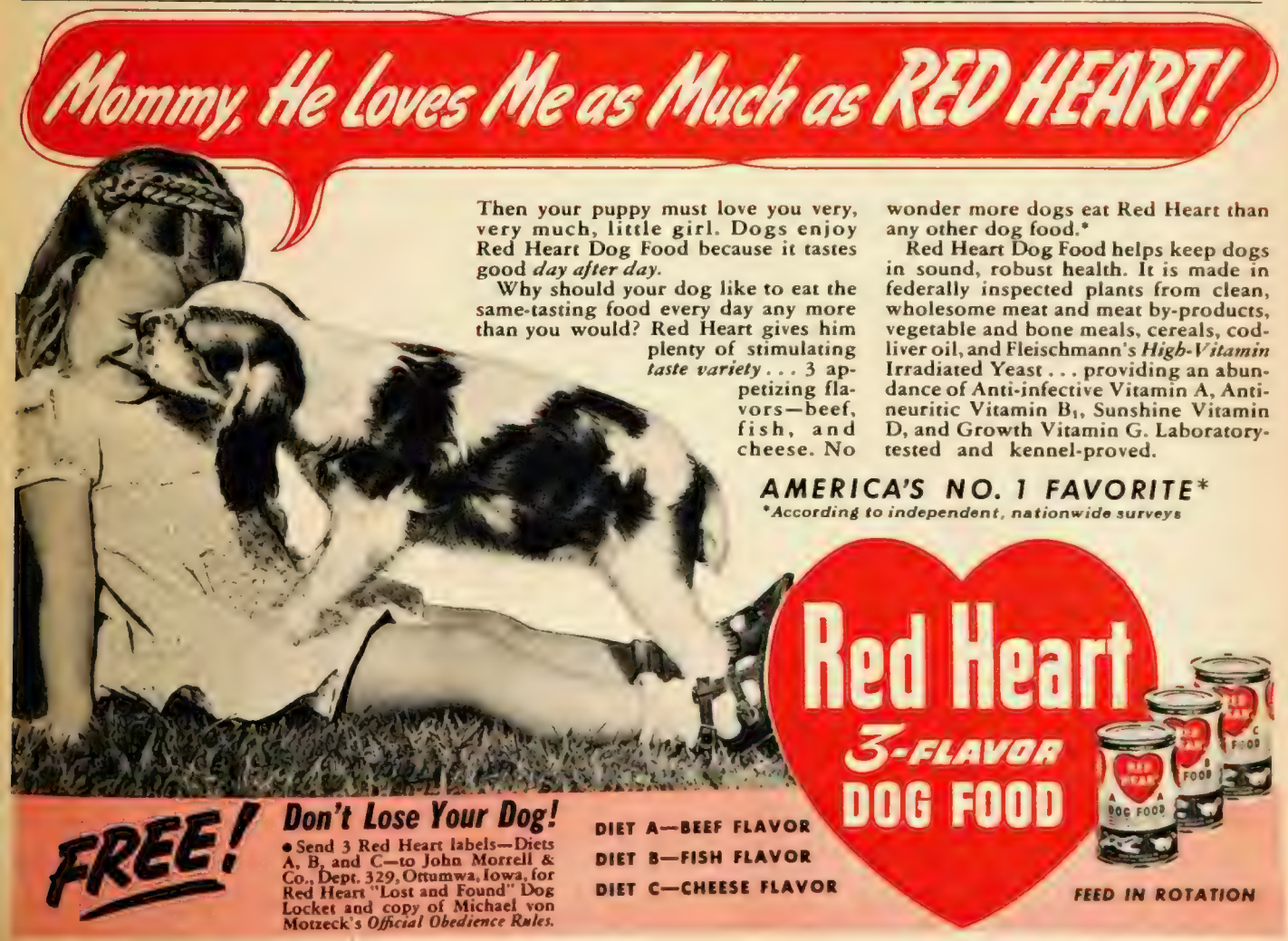
"Snap out of it, Alex," Red growled. "You're going completely haywire now."

"Sh-h!" Betty Lou cautioned breathlessly. "Here she comes. She *is* lovely, isn't she?"

She was, standing up there at the side of the orchestra, her shoulders gleaming in the soft light. The music stopped and Ronny King stepped forward. "We have a rather unexpected and delightful surprise for you this evening, ladies and gentlemen. Miss Regina Wayburn of Hollywood is here and has consented to sing."

A murmur of appreciation ran through the ballroom. Regina stepped forward. Her eyes were glowing. Red whistled. "Boy, wouldn't I like to hitch my wagon to that star!"

"Careful, Red." Link nudged him, grinning. "She's Alex's, you know." They all laughed.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FEED IN ROTATION

Alex didn't. He was watching her. Her shoulders trembled slightly, as though she might be cold. Her eyes seemed to be searching the crowd. They met his and lit up.

"Oh, Alexander, would you mind getting my wrap? They'd have fits at the studio if I caught cold."

"Be glad to." Alex turned and made his way toward the cloakroom. A path opened for him, lined with astonished eyes. He tried to look as unconcerned as possible, but his pulses were pounding. For it wasn't merely a matter of getting a girl's wrap—it was a triumphal procession of one. People drew back respectfully to facilitate his passage. He wouldn't have been surprised if the girls had curtsied and the men had bowed.

HE got the wrap and made his way back to the bandstand. It was easy. The path he had edged through was now a broad highway. He mounted the steps and held it for her as she slipped into it. She smiled gratefully at him. "Thank you, Alexander; you're a dear."

He went down again and stood near the potted palm. Just before the music started, he heard Red's astounded voice. "Holy smoke!" it said "He *did* bring her!"

And then she started to sing. Her full-bodied, amazingly lovely voice lifted into the lilting strains of the waltz and swept cool streams of beauty into every corner of the room. She was singing to all of them at first. And then, suddenly, she was singing with gay mischievousness directly at Alex. He tried to draw back . . . make himself slightly less conspicuous . . . but it didn't help. Her eyes followed him, singling him out. It was his night, and even he himself couldn't do anything to make it less his.

The song was over—she wouldn't give any encores, despite the resoundingly enthusiastic applause that filled the room. "I don't want to perform tonight," she explained in a whisper to Alex on the dance floor. "I just want to have fun. Only, you mustn't let any one cut in. Aunt Colette made me promise I wouldn't dance with any one I didn't know, and you're the only one I know here. I—I hope you don't mind."

Alex didn't mind. He was floating too high on his pink cloud to mind anything. He even danced smoothly . . . something that had never happened before. And then, suddenly, the music of the orchestra was dulled by the screaming of police sirens outside. Regina stopped dancing abruptly. "Oh, dear!" she said helplessly.

Alex tried to erase her worried look. "It's all right. Just police cars. Probably only a bank robbery or something like that."

She shook her head dispiritedly. "It's Mr. Stowe. I know it is. He always sounds like that."

And then the music stopped and the ballroom was swarming with police. A tall black-browed scowling man led the charge. "There's she is!" he shouted, and spearheaded the phalanx which converged on Regina and the bewildered Alex. He blinked. It was as though a thunderstorm had suddenly broken loose. Lightning, set off by the popping flashlight bulbs of a group of reporters who had evidently followed the police car, dazzled him. The ballroom was in an uproar. And then the black-browed man was standing in front of them, glaring at Regina, his hands on his hips.

"Uh . . . hello, Mr. Stowe," she murmured.

"What," he demanded dangerously, "do you think you're doing here?"

"I'm dancing. . . . Really having a grand time. Mr. Stowe, I'd like to have you meet—"

"Why didn't you tell me where you were going? I've been teetering on a tight rope! Got half the police in the state out scouring the countryside. I thought you'd been kidnaped or another studio had got you or—or—" He stopped and scowled at Alex. "Who's this?"

"Mr. Gillis. He asked me to come."

"He did, did he?" The black eyebrows almost bridged his nose. "He ought to get twenty years for this!

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ IN SEARCH OF COMPLICATIONS, A Doctor's Biography, by Eugene de Savitsch, M. D. Simon & Schuster.

Humorous and adventurous story of a doctor who eats his Complications alive and likes 'em hot. Asia, America, Europe, and the Belgian Congo. Sardonic jabs at Big Medicine by an incorrigible individualist who won't be regimented.

Abduction . . . that's the angle! He almost drove me nuts!"

"But he only danced with me, Mr. Stowe!"

"Well, we'll attend to him later. Come on! You're going back to Hollywood tomorrow!"

And she was whisked away. Alexander's night of glory was over.

And, Alex discovered in the next few days, he was sorry he had had it. It wasn't the reporters who had infested the fraternity house the morning after the dance and thrown questions at him until he was dizzy that troubled him. It certainly wasn't the queer sort of amazed respect he got from his dumfounded fraternity brothers. The trouble was that Alex was in love for the first time in his life . . . in love with something shining and beautiful and hopelessly impossible, as far as he was concerned. And he hadn't known he could feel so utterly miserable about anything.

It was worse having to leave college also. There wouldn't even be a possible point of contact of a Senior Prom to invite Regina to. There wasn't the slightest excuse ever to see her again, and Alex felt dolefully in his bones that he wasn't going to . . . except on the screen. And it seemed to pull together the muscles in his chest, somehow, so that he couldn't eat.

He was sitting at the window, staring moodily out over the campus, when Billy slammed in. "Hey, Alex, three guys downstairs want to see you. One of them said his name is Sam Stowe."

Alex gulped. He was a little panicky. He hadn't forgotten Stowe's threat to put him in jail. "Did the men with him look like detectives?"

Billy shrugged. "Might be. Shall I tell them to come up?"

Alex rubbed the back of his neck. "I guess so." It didn't matter anyhow. He couldn't feel any worse even in jail.

And then Sam Stowe's deep-set eyes were glittering strangely at him. "Stand over in the light, will you, Gillis?" he snapped.

Alex blinked at him. He moved over to the window automatically.

Stowe stared at him and turned to the short man with him. "Well, what do you think, Arch?"

The short man nodded. "Not good-looking, but good facial structure. Just what we want. And he photographs well. Those pictures in the papers were O. K."

"Good. Well, Gillis, what do you say? Will you play ball with us?"

Alex swallowed. "But—but what's it all about?"

"One of these coy ones," the short man commented bitterly. "Got us over a barrel, too. All right, tilt it. Five hundred, with options. But that's our best offer."

"Offer for what?"

Sam Stowe snorted. "We'll put our cards on the table, Gillis. The publicity build-up on that dance was terrific. The country's gone nuts over it. . . . Real-life romantic angle. The studio wants you for the next Regina Wayburn picture and maybe the one after that also. I've got a contract here with me . . . five hundred a week for a year, options at five-hundred-dollar increases for the next five years. That's the best we can do. After all, you're new. What do you say? Will you sign it?"

Alex ran dazed fingers through his hair. "But—but I can't act!"

STOWE grunted. "Listen, buddy. With the director you're going to have, and that dumb bewildered look you've already got, you're a cinch. They'll love you. There's just one angle, though, and you'll have to play along with us on that."

Alex breathed deeply. This was it, then . . . the catch in the thing. He knew there must be one. "What is it?"

"Well, you'll have to go out of your way to be seen with Regina a lot . . . go dancing and swimming with her and stuff like that. Good box office. That's about all." He pulled a legal document out of his pocket. "Here's the contract. Will you sign?"

Alex didn't answer. He was too busy writing his name.

THE END

WHADDA-YA-MEAN YOUR *GIRL?*

. . . YOU COULDN'T HOLD ON TO HER!

THAT'S what Red shot at Tommy as the two glared hotly at each other before the girls got them away . . . and it was a poser for Tommy. He blamed his break with Polly on everything but the simple truth itself . . . the very thing* that Polly would not tolerate and which he himself never suspected.

It's Unforgivable

Few things can equal a case of halitosis* (bad breath) as a monkey-wrench in the wheels of romance. It's the offense unforgivable in either a man or a woman. Unfortunately, anyone may suffer from it at some time or other. The worst of it is, you yourself may be guilty without even realizing it—and your best friends won't tell you.

But why take long risks? Why offend needlessly? There's an easy, simple, delightful precaution against halitosis—Listerine Antiseptic used as a mouth rinse or gargle. Fastidious people use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements.

Let

LISTERINE

look after your breath

Halts Fermentation

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath quickly becomes sweeter, fresher, purer, less likely to offend.

If you want to appear at your best, if you want others to like you, get into the cleanly habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and night. It pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

"Names . . . familiar as household words, freshly remembered!"
—Shakespeare (King Henry V, iv. 3)

What's in a Name?

Louise de La Vallière

By ALEXANDER McQUEEN

MANY WORDS commonly used in everyday speech can be traced back to the names of famous men and places. Here are a few "tributes to greatness" with which the English language has been enriched. Who knows? Your name may become a part of the language of future generations.

SAXOPHONE

Most people don't know that the inventor of the saxophone, exactly 100 years ago, was Adolphe Sax; but they repeat his name when they mention that melodious instrument. So you see, its nickname of "sax" is really right after all.

LA VALLIÈRE

She flourished in the time of Louis XIV, but lives on today in the name of a type of necklace she made famous—Louise Françoise de La Vallière, whose picture you see above.

TRUDGEN

Swimmers who use the trudgen stroke—the predecessor of the Australian crawl—might give a thought to John Trudgen, the man who devised the stroke in 1863. It is wrong to spell it "trudgeon".

TARIFF

On the southernmost tip of Spain, beyond Gibraltar, there lies the town of Tariffa, where (legend tells us) a tax or toll was once collected from every ship that passed through the narrow neck of the Mediterranean. Some say the town's name was the origin of today's word, "tariff".

FAHRENHEIT

Thanks to Mr. Gabriel D. Fahrenheit, born in 1686, the freezing point for most of us is 32 degrees above zero. What *would* we talk about if we didn't know how hot it was?

BLANKET

Thomas Blanket loomed fine fabrics in Bristol, England, in the middle of the fourteenth century. His nice, warm woolly cloth became famous; some people say that's where we get our word "blanket".

POINSETTIA

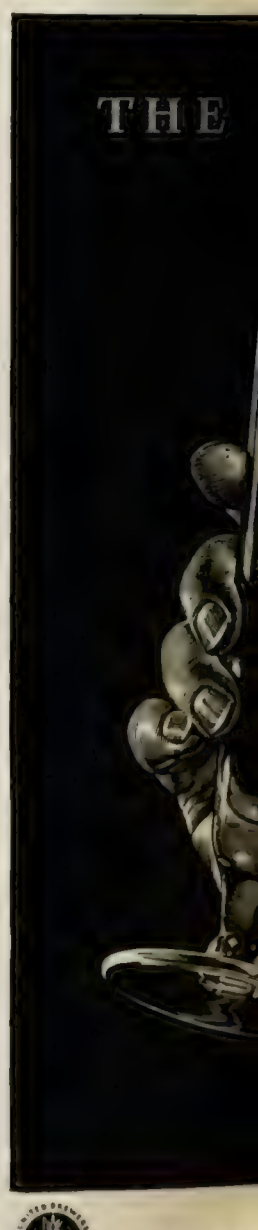
When you admire the large scarlet leaves of the poinsettia, just remember its noted sponsor, a gentleman named Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina. He brought it from Mexico 100 years ago.

SIDEBURNS

Time has left untouched one of the lesser monuments of General Ambrose E. Burnside —the use of his name, usually transposed as "sideburns", to denote the kind of whiskers he wore.

CEREAL

Ceres, goddess of vegetation and grain, gave us the word for breakfast food, and supplied the name of the chief ingredient used in the beer that made Milwaukee famous.



GUPPY

ot many years ago, a Mr. Lechmere antagenet Guppy, residing in the ritish West Indies, sent some small opical fish to the British Museum. oday we call these poor fish Guppies.

PASTEURIZE

'hen you speak of a beverage as being *isteurized*, you render tribute to Louis asteur, who probably contributed more public health than any other man ho ever lived.

VANDYKE

neat style of pointed beard was made opular in the seventeenth century by Anthony Van Dyck, Flemish portrait painter whose name we still apply to a trim "Vandyke".

SANDWICH

In 1762, John Montagu, Fourth Earl of Sandwich, sat in a card game that lasted twenty-four hours. He called for layers of beef between slices of bread. Hence the word "sandwich".

* * *

There are some words, used everywhere, which have acquired such wealth of meaning that the thought they convey can be expressed in no other way. These words are the names of great products.

So great has the name and the fame of one product become that it has made a city world famous.

This name is SCHLITZ.

And no wonder this grand old brew is known as "The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous"! Served and preferred in more than 61 countries of the world—asked for by name in faraway places from Nome to Calcutta—Schlitz has long been acclaimed the greatest name in beer.

And today an even finer Schlitz, in the famous brown bottle, with its distinguished new label, carries on the tradition of leadership.

Truly, Schlitz is the beer to drink in celebration of the great occasions of life when nothing but the finest will do.

Order Schlitz today and discover for yourself how really good a bottle of beer can be.

Visit the Schlitz Palm Garden, New York World's Fair

ything!

EATEST NAME IN BEER

Schlitz

SCHLITZ

For almost a century the supreme quality of Schlitz Draught Beer has made it the choice of those who love real draught beer

Copyright 1940, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, *Milwaukee, Wis.*

THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Beginning Next Week!

PATRIOTIC UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION QUIZ

$2,500 *In Cash Prizes*

Any One Who Can Read the Constitution Has an Excellent Chance to Win!

★ How well do you know the document that guards your rights for life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? How long since you have read it? Are you as familiar with the Constitution as you should be with a document that means so much to you and yours?

★ Beginning next week, in the interests of American patriotism, Liberty will present the first questions in a new cash prize Constitution Quiz Contest that will not only offer you an opportunity to share in $2,500 in awards but will familiarize you once more with the Constitution of the United States.

★ Liberty's Constitution Quiz will not be technical. On the contrary, most, if not all, of its questions will be answerable simply by the direct quotation of a few words from the document itself. Look up your copy of the Constitution. Renew your acquaintance with its provisions. If you have children of grammar or high-school age direct their interest to this quiz. It will make their study of the Constitution and their appreciation of its protection a matter of lasting realization. And do not overlook the possibility of winning a substantial award. The schedule of prizes will accompany the first set of quiz questions in Liberty next week.

The Method in my Madness

ary Beth Hughes plays
pposite Mr. Barrymore
The Great Profile.

A stormy petrel reveals his design for living

BY JOHN BARRYMORE

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

TWO years ago in Hollywood I was supposed to be "through." There were many producers, a lot of my public, and most of my relatives who thought it was about time.

I had the chilling suspicion that perhaps it was about time, too. Whenever I could avoid looking into a mirror no longer, I would see that I was becoming undeniably antiqued. For years, for decades practically, I have admitted to being forty. I was even and with ghastly speed getting to the point where forty seemed like dewy adolescence. In fact, when, upon my arrival in Chicago in the fall of 1938 to play in My Dear Children, my good friend the drama critic Ashton Stevens revealed that he was ten years my elder, I marveled how any creature that old could be outside the Egyptian Room of some museum.

Yet it wasn't alone my wrinkles that were making me "through" in Hollywood. It was, more importantly, my insistence upon having a little gay home in the West. Or, more exactly, what was disturbing the film moguls was my life with Elaine, the latest of the Mrs. Barrymores.

Actually, you see, Hollywood is quite allergic to love lives. What it likes stars to do is give the impression that their greatest off-screen happiness

comes from feeding four-leaf clovers to cows.

I have always and quite openly preferred pleasures that are more personal. To be boldly explicit, I prefer being in love, a state which I regard as a continual, or at least a recurrent, male hypnosis. I might even go so far as to say that love is my hobby, even though I never anticipated that I could go so far as to marry four women.

As a matter of fact, I haven't gone that far. Four women have married me.

That is a very different thing, as every woman knows.

In all sincerity, however, I do say that until Elaine married, and remarried, me I did not know what marriage was all about. Now I do. As all the world that can read is aware, the course of our love has been as smooth as a roller coaster, but it has been a vivid and glorious excitement and one for which I have been only too willing to pay the price.

BUT there lay my second trouble in Hollywood two years ago. In the place where my bank account had once been there was only a void—a void and a snowstorm of bills all marked "Please remit." Nothing would have pleased me more than remitting, but the chance of doing it seemed discouragingly slight. I had sunk—"sunk" is Hollywood's verb and not mine own—to being a mere "featured player" in such epics as True Confession and Hold That Coed. Upon their release, I realized that these were really not my meat and most certainly not my bacon.

I had to do something speedily. It was right at this moment, and providentially, that the script of My Dear Children was delivered to me.

My Dear Children was an extremely dizzy farce about a man who had married five times and who had produced as many sets of children. Its plot, briefly, concerned his attempt to keep a romantic rendezvous with a new young woman and his children's attempt to prevent him from doing just that.

I took the play to Chicago for its debut, fully aware that the theatrical world in general and Hollywood in particular regarded my return to the stage in such a vehicle as John Barrymore's last stand or from Hamlet to ham in one generation.

Not that the latter bothered me. I have always known I am a ham. Any actor who says there is no ham in him is either a liar or simply a stockbroker who should go back to his own profession. But if the practitioners in my trade and the world in general wanted to call me mad for returning to the footlights, I had no complaints. There was a method in my madness.

Naturally, I hoped for some success; but the factor that turned My Dear Children into a hit was unexpected. From the opening night I began "ad-libbing" lines, putting in whatever speeches came to me. The fault was not with the play and I most certainly was not boldly trying to improve upon it. I thought originally and I still think that it is an excellent and very funny play. The reason I kept putting in my own spontaneous lines was that I could not remember the ones that the original authors had written for me.

I can remember the entire role of Hamlet, which is the longest ever written, but I can't for the life of me recall any contemporary part. Of course, some of this may be due to the fact that the lines of Hamlet are worth remembering. At any rate, in movies I have a faithful helper who crawls around, out of camera range, holding up within reading distance of my flickering sight a blackboard on which are written the speeches I am to say.

But this trick being obviously impossible in the theater, I often had to fill in speeches until the right cues came back to me. It was sheer acting survival, but if such a trick served to attract and amuse audiences, it was fine by me. Applause I dote upon to such an extent that I have warned my relatives that if I receive so much as one handclap I shall sit up at my own funeral and take a bow.

At any rate, my return to what is so fondly called, for no reason I have ever been able to fathom, the legitimate theater turned out to be a box-office success. We had a long run in Chicago and decided to invade New York.

The opening night in New York was also the night that Elaine and I were reconciled. That event caused the reporters to pounce upon me with such questions that next morning, when I savored the full intimacy of their stories, I felt that the boys had gone down my throat and wandered around inside me with a lantern.

Now, right up until that blast of publicity, Hollywood had been getting more friendly toward me. The slightest touch of box office makes that whole world spin; but those headlines gave it the jitters, the cinema center still being officially in the class with the nameless gentleman who fondly believed that the safest way to make a fire was to rub two Boy Scouts together. It is really the bane of Hollywood that vitality is seldom conventional.

Petulantly, official Hollywood prophesied that even if I wasn't already professionally dead, this publicity would finish me. I didn't worry about it myself. I was too happy to be concerned with it.

Life, however, is much more generous and charming than people give it credit for being. Apparently the whole world does love a lover, even one like myself who is a bit eroded around the edges. Elaine, whom I genuinely consider a fine actress, came into the play as one of my daughters, and we had a wonderful romp. I used to lie awake nights trying to think of gags to break her up in her lines in the play. Once I had her maid walk across the stage right in the middle of the action. Another time I tried to get the doorman of our hotel to appear in a bit, just to surprise her. The doorman refused, however. He said acting was beneath his dignity.

When My Dear Children persisted in being a Broadway hit too, Hollywood really melted. My indiscretions had won me what my discretions could never even have imagined. I was offered the starring role in The Great Profile, a role that is a burlesque of me. The very thought of such a part enchanted me. I have seen so many actors do very fine imitations of me that I wanted to see if I could do a creditable job of it myself. That, anyhow, was the artistic part—if I may call it that—of the transaction. My creditors were the main reason

I signed up. I am, most completely, making The Great Profile for them. After this I hope to make a film for myself.

They had let me leave Hollywood without so much as a tear; but they brought me back by plane, with publicity men meeting me at airports, asking for ideas for getting headlines in the papers. I finally suggested our dropping Elaine over Hollywood by parachute, with a running commentary by me.

Fortunately, they didn't demand that I make good on that.

Imagine my surprise, if not horror, when I discovered that I was to dress—and what's more, to undress—in the bungalow which had but recently been vacated by a much greater star, Miss Shirley Temple. I was completely bemused to find myself in an atmosphere of swings, dollies, and a parade of pink elephants that went straight across the mantel above the open fireplace. I had thought until then that I was old enough to be put in the boys' dormitory, and it wasn't until I went and touched those elephants and discovered that they were Shirley's toys and not products of my ginger-ale-soaked imagination that I felt quite safe.

Immediately after that, when I found that they had cast Mary Beth Hughes, a most pillowy blonde, and Gregory Ratoff, the acting director, or the directing actor, to play opposite me, my cup began running over. Greg is just as scenery-chewing an actor as I am. In fact, in our scenes together we look like a dance between St. Vitus and Epilepsy, and I started off hamming so consistently that Walter Lang, our director, said to me after I did my own death scene several times:

"Now, John, you've died for yourself, and plenty. Would you mind just dying quietly for me?"

LATER, in the projection room, watching myself play dead, I knew I had never been more alive. By playing—even by being—the fool, I was back having fun and, I hope, giving fun.

Whether people laugh at or with you, laughter itself remains a good and healing thing, and when you get to be practically a human sequoia, as I have, you also learn to laugh at yourself.

So there is the real method in my madness. I want to have laughs and produce laughs, or, if you prefer, to be happy and to produce happiness. That may not be the worthiest of human motives. I know, of course, that it is very frivolous.

Yet I do feel that if several prominent gentlemen in Europe of whom we are all too aware had had this ambition rather than that of power, the world these late summer evenings would be listening to nothing more serious than the song of larks against the twilight sky, instead of hearing, as it is, the whine of bombs bearing destruction.

THE END

STERLING HAYDEN
23-year old skipper, who has sailed the "Seven Seas."

WHEN THERE'S A WHIFF O' Velvet IN THE WIND

. . . watch all the pipes come out! That wonderful aroma and milder taste can only come from Kentucky's finest Burley . . .

You'll Say VELVET'S THE RIGHT WORD FOR SMOOTH SMOKING

MILD and COOL—NO "BITE"

Try Velvet... Better Smoking Tobacco

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

IF it's true, as some say, that the war now going on is actually a continuation of the First World War, then Rosika Schwimmer may rightly claim to be our pioneer refugee. She came here twenty-four years ago to help stop the fight—is still here, still trying. . . . The Ford Peace Ship, of luckless pilgrimage, was inspired by her effort, and before that she took part in campaigns to crusade shiploads of peace-determined women from nation to nation, or to march hordes of women peace workers across the battlefields between the warring armies. None of her attempts brought the desired result, as we all know to our sorrow.

At her apartment the other day I admired her library of pacifist literature—the largest anywhere—and asked what she thought might be done about peace *this* time.

"We'll need a United States of the World," she said, "with a world congress to formulate a world constitution. But women can't do it alone, however strong our hope. The women and men of the world must work for it together."

Three years ago, on her sixtieth birthday, Rosika Schwimmer was awarded an international peace prize. A native of Budapest, before 1914 she ardently promoted woman suffrage; has since lectured and written for peace throughout Europe and America. . . . Her home here is always bright with growing flowers and green plants. "They, at least, are peaceful," she said to me.

A great lady with a great dream that failed—to the loss of all of us. I'm proud to know her.

☆ I know an American couple just home from the war zone. In their kitchen yesterday I saw a mountainous load of canned stuff delivered—dozens of quarts of tomato juice, cases and cases of bottled soft drinks, huge quantities of flour, sugar, coffee. With some embarrassment the lady of the house said: "After months *over there* we can't resist anything we see in a grocery store. We can hardly believe it when the groceryman lets us buy a whole pound of butter." . . . At dinner, her first night home, she rushed suddenly to pull down the window shades. Then she raised them again and broke into sobs. "I forgot," she said. "No blackout. We're *home!*"

☆ A friend vacationing on our North Pacific coast has sent me this recipe for a fine hot-weather dish called *Alaska Salmon Aspic:* Add 4 heaping teaspoons gelatin to 3 cups lightly flavored hot consommé and let cool. Have ready 1 cup cold salmon, fresh cooked or canned. Arrange largest salmon flakes in bottom of a leaf mold; add a few tablespoons cooled consommé and put on ice. Mix remainder of salmon with ½ cup finely chopped corn, ½ cup chopped raw apple, ½ cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped sweet pickle, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, salt, pepper, and ½ cup whipped cream. When consommé begins to jell, stir in the above mixture; fill mold with it and chill solid in refrigerator. Unmold and serve garnished with sliced sweet pickles and shredded lettuce. Hot potato chips make an excellent accompaniment.

"Now that I've taken the wheel, what shall I do with it?"

☆ It's rare to see love scenes acted out in public by a crowd of suburban wives waiting with cars at the railroad station when their commuter husbands get home from work on the five fifty train. That's what happened one recent evening, though, as I have witnesses to prove. The five fifty split a rail, was an hour and eight minutes late. Dinners were spoiled and wives went wild, not knowing the reason for the train's delay. Some sweet little woman started the rumor that there had been a wreck. The story spread until the station platform was soon atwitter with hysteria, aflutter with tear-wet hankies. Then the five fifty rolled in, and all the wives hurled themselves around the necks of their astonished husbands, kissing and hugging with *such* abandon! The men didn't know what to make of it, but they seemed to be having a good time.

☆ Our fostering of Europe's refugee youngsters gives special timeliness to the new Carol S. Prentice book, An Adopted Child Looks at Adoption. (Published by the D. Appleton-Century Company.)

☆ Fashionable again in old Dutch blues and greens and yellows are the square delft tiles that can be put to so many handsome uses. Happily I greet their return to vogue, remembering how entranced I was when told they hid a secret passage behind the big fireplace in a sixteenth-century mansion where I once stayed as a youthful guest. They aren't plentiful now, so smart decorators place them sparingly—two or three for color relief in a white bathroom; half a dozen cemented across a mantel or along the indoor sill of a window; a few set among the stones or bricks of a garden wall. You may have to shop around for these delft tiles, but they're worth the effort. Should cost between twenty-five cents and a dollar apiece, with real antique ones priced somewhat higher.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

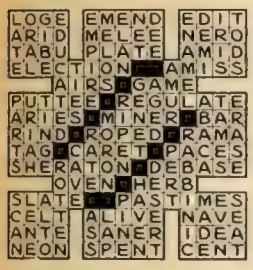
by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

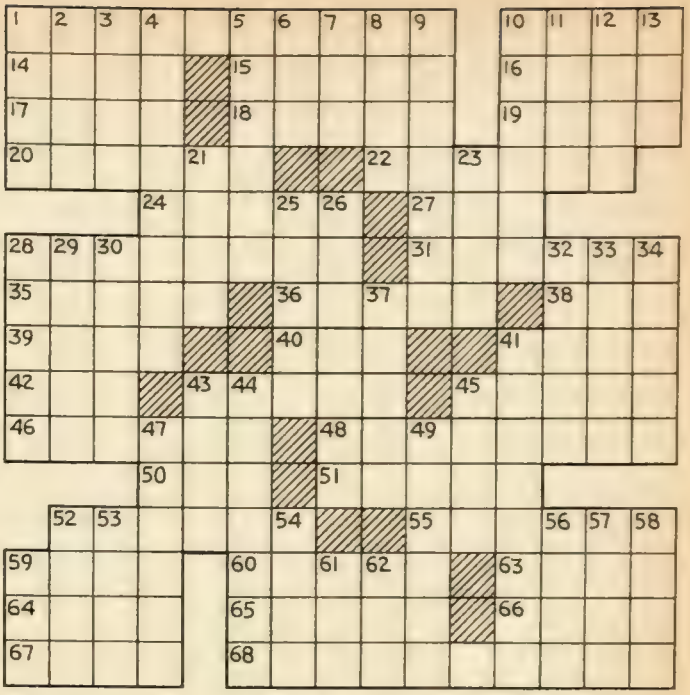
1 Bicycle with athlete's phut
10 Passed during the Louisiana Purchase
14 This guy's fezzy-minded
15 It rates higher than the upper class though it's beneath it
16 Ten C-notes
17 French powder base
18 Move progressively through the Open Door
19 Big-toe mumps
20 Kind of mometer that registers high degrees
22 Pusillanimous panther
24 Trim thing about a nice female dog
27 What golfers slug it out over
28 Toss in the clink
31 Krazy Kat's brick target
35 Flat, boering country
36 Smart parties
38 Vex the veracious
39 Gals from Decatur
40 What you often find yourself in when people do this to your traffic tickets
41 Natural defenses of Great Britain
42 Tan, backwards
43 These men are some chasers
45 French dauber (sounds though he's in the dough)
46 What women are to fashion
48 Gas houses
50 Try thith on your hithther
51 What little boys never can be at church
52 Gets nowhere by leaps and bounds but is hoppy
55 Future states of the world—maybe!
59 The cry of the future generations
60 It sounds like a lot of baloney but it's held a lot of navies together
63 What old hands never do on the equator in midsummer
64 Funny how motors work even though they do this
65 Skid around with a trombone to make third bass
66 All you need to blow your own horn
67 What you do in pinochle
68 First call for breakfast (three words)

VERTICAL

1 Physics absorbed through the head
2 Persian make-take, deep-sleep bloke
3 Tincan polo—popular knight pastime
4 A lot of peaches (and lemons, too) hang around these shady spots and fall for you at times
5 Counter nurses
6 Vell known Svedish yentleman
7 A short weigh
8 Result of a lusty eyeball
9 This is slightly nuts
10 An old timer
11 A few things a woman has little time to do in
12 A lug
13 Every time he shook his wife salt came out
21 One, indivisible
23 What Fido does on two legs
25 Is raised as a baker's son
26 Volunteers to wed Mars
28 Terrible guys
29 General hangout
30 La flower of South America
32 How Hallie Tosis walks
33 Sing Sing lion
34 The old zippo (plural)
37 This was put out, and probably always will be put out, with much effort
41 Cradle of the new young hair (sounds foolish, doesn't it?)
43 Arms a woman
44 You can always get a laugh out of this place
45 What the modern minute men cover in a minute
47 Kind of threat Oriental women are to men
49 Angels of death
52 What $2 red dresses do in rain or shine
53 One of the loves of America singers
54 Spanish room
56 Motorboat put-put
57 The choke's on those who do this
58 Society for the Prevention of Garlic in Society (abbr.)
59 —— and wigor
61 Kipling's kid
62 Union of Dunking Amateurs (abbr.)



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

And this is the big, new, streamlined bottle of Pepsi-Cola, favorite with millions... because it's bigger and better!

Here's the way PEPSI-COLA came to town

many long years ago

And today, after more than 35 years, Pepsi-Cola is still "goin' to town". A flavor favorite with millions—and growing all the time—Pepsi-Cola is sweeping the country! Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today. Enjoy its fresh taste and fine flavor. 12 full ounces of this sure thirst quencher for one nickel. Lots—for little.

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BY BAYARD VEILLER

Lively, beguiling chronicles of a thrill-packed life's adventures

Bayard Veiller had been fascinated by the theater ever since he saw his first performance at the age of ten. Wherever the family lived—in New York, Chicago, or Boston—he was a regular attendant, in the gallery. When he was at college he wrote a play which was acted by amateurs—including James K. Hackett, who later became a matinee idol. His second play he sent to Augustin Daly, who rejected it with a letter full of good advice. Veiller tore up the manuscript and decided he had better learn something and see something and find out how to write English before he did any more plays.

PART TWO—THE TRUTH ABOUT A SCOOP

I LEFT college in the middle of my sophomore year. Father then stepped into the picture and decided that I should be a Wall Street broker. He opened a branch office in the dry-goods district and put me in charge.

I did two or three other odd jobs after I was fired from there. Finally I went to my father and said, "I am going to be a journalist." Father replied in words that were the equivalent of "over my dead body." He had a terrific bark. His bite consisted of a journey to the World office and a talk with the managing editor, Ballard Smith. As father relayed Smith's message to me, it was to the effect that if Smith had had a son, he'd rather see him dead than see him a reporter. I think father and I had a pretty bad time of it about then. I remember his saying something about the Veillers having been gentlemen for a good many generations, and he grew a little bitter and said the family had escaped up to now having a reporter or an actor or a peddler in it. I don't remember my reply to this, but it must have been unpleasant, because father gave me fifty dollars and told me to go to the devil in my own way.

So I went down town and got a job on the World as a reporter at twelve dollars a week.

All in all, I spent from twelve to fourteen years working on newspapers—in New York and Chicago, Salt Lake City, Seattle, and San Francisco. I have taken directions from a great many city editors. I could qualify as an expert on city editors. Morrill Goddard was the best I ever saw. Nothing ever satisfied him.

I hadn't been long on the World before I literally ran into my father's friend Ballard Smith. When I bounced off Smith's stomach and stopped to apologize, he saw me for the first time. Before I could get away from him, his hand was on my shoulder. "Name's Veiller, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Didn't I tell your father you'd better be dead than working on a paper?"

And again I said, "Yes, sir."

"Who gave you your job?" asked Smith.

Goddard, who'd been watching this little meeting, seemed to think I was getting the worst of it.

Suddenly I was seized, a hand under each elbow, and lifted seemingly miles into the air.

"I gave him his job," said Goddard. "Anything wrong about it?"

Smith chuckled and said, "I sent him word by his father not to go on a newspaper and, damn it all, here he is!"

There was a little awkward pause for a minute, and then Goddard looked down at me, his mouth widened into a sardonic kind of grin, and he barked at me, "Veiller, are you going to hang around here all day, or are you going to that fire?"

The three years that I spent on the World were busy and instructive. I ran errands, I went to fires, I covered crime stories out of police courts. Later on I covered murder trials . . . the Carlisle Harris case, a very famous murder trial, and the Buchanan case, another one.

The Carlisle Harris case is so well known and so well remembered that there's only one thing left for me to tell—the newspaper side of it. One rainy afternoon, Colonel Cockrell, then managing editor, came stamping into the city room, saw me and beckoned to me, and told me he wanted me to go on an errand for him. I was to go to the District Attorney's office and tell the District Attorney that he, the Colonel, had in his pocket the District Attorney's I O U for $400, which represented his losses in a poker game several nights before. The Colonel said, "Just tell him I want to know what he's going to do about it."

What the District Attorney was going to do about it was this: He promised to give the World exclusively the most sensational murder case New York had seen in years, and he asked in exchange not the note itself but the World's promise of silence in regard to it; and that is how the Carlisle Harris case first came to the attention of New York exclusively through the columns of the World.

I helped report all the Harris trials. I heard Harris' impassioned two-hour plea to Recorder Smythe for a new trial, and I shook hands with him as he started for the death house. There hadn't been a week in more than two years that I hadn't seen him and talked to him. The last thing he said to me was: "I didn't kill Helen." But I knew that he had.

THEY have torn down the Sixth Avenue El, letting in air and sunshine: It is a beautiful wide street. It would be a nice thing to write now that the tearing down of the elevated structure would let the sun in on the sin and shame that was once Sixth Avenue. But that would not be true. Time did that. There was a day—or rather there were nights—when Sixth Avenue— Let me tell you about it.

I won't go below Twenty-third Street, but from Twenty-third Street up, on each street intersection, on each corner, there was a saloon, as well as one or two in the block between, so that on an average there were from three to four saloons on each block and on each side. There were small cigar stores, and back of these gambling places. They were run openly. There were dives—what we used to call black-and-tans—down in the basement. Some were upstairs. The Haymarket was upstairs. Round the corner of Thirtieth Street, between Broadway and Sixth Avenue, was Tom Gould's place, and that was in the basement. And just above, on Sixth Avenue, on the east side of the street, was a restaurant that had no doors, run by a man who was called affectionately Paddy the Pig.

I was a Tenderloin reporter. I was a friend of thieves, counterfeiters, harlots, police captains, and I knew big Kansas City Kate. There were a great many distinguished things about Kate—among which was her invention of taking men into the halls of flat houses and there, burying her face against their chests, biting the stones out of their scarfpins and going blithely on her way.

The Tenderloin district comprised that part of the city which lay between Eighth and Fifth Avenues and Twenty-third and Forty-second Streets. The district got its name from Police Captain Alexander Williams. A friend met him and said, "I hear you're at the West Thirtieth Street station. Kind of juicy, isn't it?" And Williams laughed and replied, "*Juicy!* It's the tenderloin!"

ALL these years I was groping, with no definite aim; wandering away, coming back to the theater again, working on newspapers, getting drunk, staying sober—the whole mess of things that at the time seemed to have no significance. As a matter of fact, looking back on them now, it is difficult to point out which were important and which were not.

Who helped me most in the theater? I'm not certain. Here's what Dion Boucicault said to me. He was nearing the end of his career then—a little grizzled man with a stubby white mustache and a delicate, nicely shaded brogue. I won't attempt to reproduce it.

"Here's the way to write plays," he said: "Never disappoint your audience. Now, remember that. Keep it in mind all the time. When you start your play, let your audience be fond of your lovers, and then throw an obstacle in their path and separate them, and, for your great big finish, let them come together and be happy ever afterward. And here's another trick for you, my boy: Make the things that so seldom happen in real life inevitable in the theater. Let them know exactly where you're going, but never tell them the road you're going to take. Your destination is Philadelphia, and your audience, if you're a smart playwright, is traveling with your hero and your heroine, and it says to itself, 'Now there's a funny thing. We're going to Philadelphia, and here the boy's lost on a desert isle in the Pacific Ocean, and Mary'—that's the girl—'is about to be married in Westminster Abbey to an earl.' The audience says to itself, 'How is this boy going to get that girl in Philadelphia?' But when he does find her in Philadelphia, everybody's happy."

I was able to make quite a little sense out of this. So were my friends, the Spewacks, in Boy Meets Girl. Boucicault did not stop here.

"Now take your people. Make them as real as you can and as amusing as you can and as witty as you can. People won't come to a theater to see folks they don't like."

Plots were dismissed with a shrug. "I always steal mine," said Mr. Boucicault.

WHY did this busy actor take time to bother with a boy who was a stranger? He couldn't have been amused; he couldn't have known how great was my need. I think perhaps it was the desire which I have found in nearly every writer of plays to pass on to some one else what he has discovered about an occupation which has no standard. I know that I myself would have hours, perhaps days, to spare to talk about playwrighting, particularly if I could talk to a novice who wouldn't be able to discover how little I knew about it myself.

Mr. Henry C. De Mille, father of my friend Cecil, and Mr. Belasco were in Chicago rehearsing Lost Paradise, one of their successes, when I was in Chicago as special correspondent for the New York World. On the strength of my business card I was allowed to see Mr. De Mille.

Why he didn't kill me I've never been able to understand, but quite calmly I told him that I wasn't particularly interested in the rehearsal of his play beyond wishing it great luck, and then I went on to explain the object of my visit, which was to ask him to tell me as briefly as possible how to write a play.

This busy, harassed playwright stopped in the middle of his work. "You're serious about this, aren't you?" he said. And I said, "Yes."

Then he ran up the steps from the auditorium onto the stage and brought me back the manuscript of the play they were rehearsing, which he gave to me. "This," he said, "is the script of the play we're rehearsing. Now you go to the back of the theater and sit down and read it. Read it carefully. Don't bother too much with what is left in the script. Notice what we've cut out of it, and see if you can reason out for yourself why these cuts have been made."

That's what this great gentleman did for a man whose name he didn't even know. I have always been grateful for a lesson which has lasted me all my life, and perhaps taught me more about what to do in the theater than any one lesson, except those brought by experience.

So here I was now, thoroughly equipped for playwrighting, but I couldn't think of anything to write about. There was the problem of eating to consider. So playwrighting was thrown into the back of my mind.

My stay in Chicago was very pleasant. I was thrown with interesting people. Just before his death

some time ago. Finley Peter Dunne and I spent a happy afternoon talking of things that happened in those days . . . the sessions at the Whitechapel Club, organized, as I remember, as a sort of recognition of the Jack the Ripper murders in England. It was made up almost entirely of newspapermen. One entertainment stands out pleasantly. Chauncey M. Depew was our guest of honor. It was a convivial evening. Depew was at his best, and when the old man was at his best he was good. Then, at a prearranged signal, several police patrol wagons were backed up to the club and the place was raided, and Dr. Depew was thrown into a patrol wagon. With him was the hotel reporter on the Chicago Herald, a man named Charles B. Dillingham, and, protesting loudly and somewhat profanely, New York's favorite son was driven back to his hotel. In subsequent conversations about this night, Depew always laughed, but it was a laugh that didn't come from his heart.

This man Dillingham was a thorn in the side of most reporters in Chicago. He covered the hotels—a dapper, debonair, inventive young man from Connecticut. His method of operation was very simple, very entertaining. With the aid and abetment of a friendly hotel clerk, he would interview a nonexistent personage just as the imaginary man was on his way to China or Japan or some unreachable spot, traveling on some train that no one could trace, thus protecting the integrity of Mr. Dillingham's outrageous lies.

THERE was a great stir made by one story—an interview with a Chinese banker, who stated there had been a good deal of trouble in China among Englishmen because, gold being the currency of the country, the banks there were replacing their clerks with apes—the apes having longer and sharper teeth and being better able to bite into gold coins. There were many others, some better, some worse, but all in keeping with the Charles Dillingham of Broadway that so many people remember happily—a man who died penniless, leaving no money and no enemies and a very large group of sorrowing friends.

From time to time there appear in current publications exceedingly interesting descriptions of food and how to prepare it and the ways to serve it, written by George Rector. I wonder where he was in those days. His father was certainly around—oh, very much around! In a basement on a corner of South Clark Street, Chicago, was Rector's.

One night down there James J. Corbett and I gave an exhibition of boxing. Corbett being six feet one and I being five feet one. The bet was that, once we had squared off, Corbett couldn't lay a glove on me in the first three minutes and that I could hit him. To make things perfectly fair (incidentally, I think we had both been drinking a little), Corbett got down on his knees, which made him about my height, and as we squared off, I hit Corbett lightly on the chin with my open glove, and turned and went up the stairs into the street. I made the thirty steps up into Clark Street in two jumps. Corbett was right behind me. Out of the rank of hansom cabs in front I grabbed one and told the man to drive me through Lincoln Park up on the North Side, as the man after me was trying to kill me.

One night I was going into a theater in New York. Suddenly I was seized, a giant hand under each elbow, and lifted seemingly miles into the air, and Corbett's laughing introduction sounded out: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Bayard Veiller. We fought an exhibition in Chicago before I fought Sullivan, and Mr. Veiller won." Suddenly his hands were withdrawn and I dropped seemingly miles to the floor.

My stay in Chicago ended abruptly. . . . Not to put too short a word on it, I was fired. There had been a great deal of unpleasant comment about some of the races which Corrigan ran at Garfield Park on the West Side of Chicago, and in revenge the old man set aside a race for the last day of the meeting in which the newspapermen were to be jockeys. There was a purse for the owner of the horse and a $550 gold stop watch to be presented by Colonel Henry Watterson—"Marse Henry" himself—to the winning jockey.

To make the race perfectly fair, the names of the horses were put in a hat. I drew a horse named Zoolite—a six-year-old maiden. The horses were to carry 130 pounds weight,

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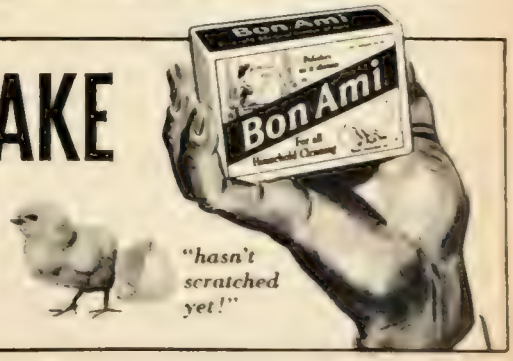

CALOX MOVIE QUIZ . . No. 11

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WHO IS SHE?

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Nancy: "Perfect, Henri! But how can anyone smile with dull teeth like mine?"

2 **Hairdresser:** "Perhaps I help with zat, too, mam'sell. All my customers say Calox Tooth Powder is ver' good for zee 'Hollywood Sparkle'—it contains 5 *cleansing agents!*"

3 **1st Guest:** "Look! Nancy's nearly buried in newspaper cameras—this party will be the talk of the season!"

2nd Guest: "Her *smile* is the undoing of the stag line. I can't believe it!"

CLUES by Ed Sullivan
Famous Hollywood Columnist

1. Who is one of the best Women Golfers among Hollywood Stars?
2. Who was a former Hattie Carnegie model and Ziegfeld beauty?
3. Like many other movie stars, her "Hollywood Sparkle" tells you she uses Calox. What's her name?

(Check your answer below. Star's name is at bottom of page)*

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*Paulette Goddard

Helps your "Teeth shine like the stars" by bringing out natural lustre

which meant that poor Zoolite had to carry thirty pounds of lead in her saddle because I weighed only 100 pounds at that time.

I went out in the betting ring and found that the odds were 100 to 1 against poor old Zoolite and poor me. I made a few bets and stood to win $4,000. In order to end this awful suspense, I won that race, and when the mile was over Zoolite ran another mile, and when she ran her second mile she decided to go on and she ran a third mile, as I clung desperately to the saddle, all the railbirds screaming at me, "Fall off, you fool!" Finally Zoolite stopped, and I staggered up to where Watterson was waiting to give me my watch. He made a very nice speech between chuckles.

Then he shook hands with me and handed me a gold watch that weighed between four and five pounds. It was all embossed with fox-hunting scenes and races. Being a skeptical youth, I stopped in at a pawnbroker's and to my horror found that the most he'd loan on the watch was three dollars. I could hardly believe him when he said it wasn't solid gold.

WHEN I got back to my office and opened the first of the stack of telegrams which was usually waiting for me at that hour, I found that there was no need of my reading any more. The telegram read: "Come home. You're discharged."

I went home. I had $4,000 in money, more than I ever dreamed I could own. I eventually reported at the World office. Mr. Goddard grinned his thin-lipped grin at me and he came over and put his arm around my shoulders and said, "Bayard, I'll get you back as soon as I can, but it was a fool thing to do." And then in a whisper he said, "Got any money?"

It must have been an hour before Goddard could talk coherently when I showed him the money I had. Then he escorted me into the presence of the managing editor. The Colonel did right well for himself. Even after all these years I'll have to admit that he turned out a job of cussing such as has never been equaled. He ended up by saying, "I suppose you know why you're fired?" I said I thought I was being treated with great injustice. I had ridden in the race solely to advertise the World.

"Did you bet on yourself?" he asked suddenly.

I didn't answer this. I just reached in my pocket and pulled out that roll of bills—four thousand beautiful dollars—and laid them on the Colonel's desk. He turned to Goddard. "How in hell," he said, "can I fire a man that's got four thousand dollars?"

Next week Mr. Veiller recounts more fascinating anecdotes of his police-court reporting days, tells stories of Theodore Roosevelt and William Travers Jerome, and reveals where he got the idea for the big confession scene in Within the Law—a scene which nobody believed could possibly have happened; but it did.

1580..STORM OVER EUROPE..1940

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★★★ THE SEA HAWK

THE PLAYERS: Errol Flynn, Brenda Marshall, Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Flora Robson, Alan Hale, Henry Daniell, Montagu Love, Gilbert Roland, Una O'Connor, William Lundigan, James Stephenson, Robert Warwick, Guy Bellis, J. M. Kerrigan, Julian Mitchell, Clyde Cook, Herbert Anderson, Ian Keith, Frederick Warlock, Ian Maclaren, Clifford Brooke, Francis McDonald, David Bruce, Frank Wilcox. Screen play by Howard Koch and Seton I. Miller. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 126 minutes.

THIS refilming of Rafael Sabatini's sixteenth-century yarn of lusty Elizabethan days, when British corsairs combed the seas in search of richly laden Spanish galleons, is weighted down with colorful detail, is pictured in massing sweeping scenes, is hefty swashbuckling fiction. That it is far too long, that it rambles into dull alleys of political intrigue, is unfortunate.

These were the days just before the Spanish Armada was launched against the British Isles when another ruler, Philip of Spain, had his bloody dream of world conquest. Elizabeth's court is honeycombed with treason; the Virgin Queen turns to the brave men who go down to the sea in ships for resources and for help. Here Errol Flynn is the handsome, dashing captain of the Albatross, a privateer little short of a pirate, who attacks treasure-laden Spanish galleons on sight, sinks them, takes their booty back to England. All does not go well with Captain Geoffrey Thorpe, for he lands chained to the oar of a Spanish galley, has to fight his way to freedom and the girl he loves.

Flynn, who was shown up mighty badly by Bette Davis in Elizabeth and Essex, is better here. There are no heavy dramatic requirements, for he is called upon to be romantically dashing, to laugh defiantly, to wield a ready sword, to be a picturesque young man of action. Brenda Marshall, as the niece of the Spanish ambassador, is the girl he comes to love, and she is pretty pallid in the part. The other players hardly ever get out of the background.

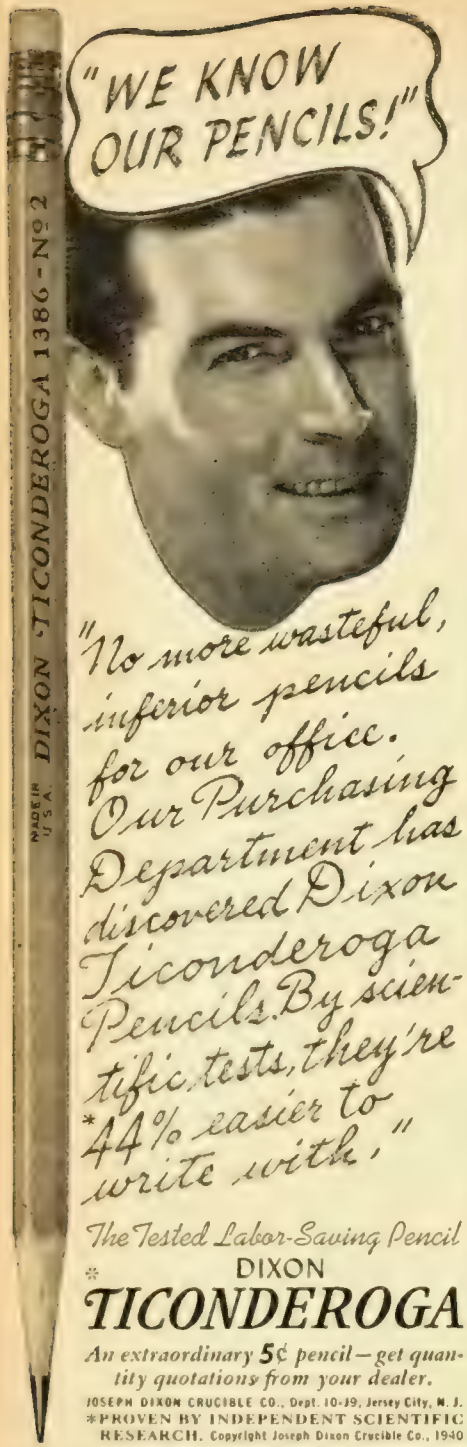
The film gets off to an exciting high-seas start, when the Albatross runs down a Spanish galleon and the British board and sink her in spectacular cutlass combat. But it never afterward touches that high mark of thrilling hand-to-hand battle. It is too long, the dialogue is dull, the action slow-paced. Hollywood just doesn't know when to stop.

VITAL STATISTICS: Those ocean battle scenes between two rocking vessels, vintage 1580, were done on the Warner marine stage, which cost $90,000 to construct. The vessels added $150,000 more, were built in sixteen removable sections each. The Albatross was 135 feet from stem to stern, 100 feet in length at the water line. Three square-rigged masts 62 feet high; main deck nine feet above water line—and water line was two feet above concrete stage foundation. The Santa Eulalia was even longer: 150 feet in length, with 54 oars extending a length of 35 feet. Cost about $16,000 an hour for electric juice to roll the ships, light the sets, provide the wind, generally take care of the elements. . . . Total cost of film reported as $1,750,000. . . . The Sea Hawk gave lots of work to the Hollywood "bears," the extras who make a living in films where luxurious authentic facial foliage is needed. Synthetic beards can't be used; would come loose during scenes. . . . Amateur Fencers League of America has voted Errol Flynn best screen swordsman since Doug Fairbanks, Sr. . . . Errol's first film job, by the way, was doing a dead man in The Case of the Curious Bride. That was only five years ago. Flynn was thirty-one on June 20. . . . Brenda Marshall was born Ardis Ankerson on her father's plantation on the island of Negros in the Philippines. . . . Michael Curtiz was directing the

Variously, the movies view what comes when men dream of conquest

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

Brenda Marshall and Errol Flynn in The Sea Hawk.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scene where Errol kisses Brenda's hand. "Hold the fingers very elegantly," commanded Mike. "Don't kiss the palm. No! The back of the hand, she is for kissing. In Europe we know."

★ ★ ★ THE MAN I MARRIED

THE PLAYERS: Joan Bennett, Francis Lederer, Lloyd Nolan, Anna Sten, Otto Kruger, Maria Ouspenskaya, Ludwig Stossel, Johnny Russell, Lionel Royce, Fredrik Vogeding, Carl Ottmar, Ernst Deutsch, Egon Brecher, William Kaufman, Charles Irwin, Frank Reicher. Screen play by Oliver H. P. Garrett, based on the story by Oscar Schisgall. Directed by Irving Pichel. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 77 minutes.

THIS was the Liberty serial, I Married a Nazi, but the producers, frightened by the general public's apathy to war films, shifted the title. If you know your Liberty, you know this story of an American girl who married a German. She is happy until, with her husband and her little boy, she goes on a visit to her spouse's homeland. Almost overnight the man she came to love under other conditions is transformed. The steady beat of marching feet, the hum of warplanes, the frantic fervor of Hitlerism closes in upon her. She is *heiled* out of love, struggles to escape. She can talk to just one person whose sanity is untouched, a hard-boiled American journalist covering Berlin.

Joan Bennett does very well with the role of the wife; Lloyd Nolan, who plays hard-bitten gangsters, is excellent as the caustically critical newspaperman watching a nation undergoing mass hypnotism. I cared less for Francis Lederer as the husband, but Anna Sten does a fervid Fräulein very nicely.

This is topical stuff, more outspoken than any film story of Nazism thus far, pulling few punches.

VITAL STATISTICS: George Sanders was originally cast for the role played by Francis Lederer, Richard Greene for the newspaperman done by Lloyd Nolan. Dick was too weak from flu to go on in the part. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox can equip 1,000 Nazi storm troopers with complete outfits, side arms, packs, etc. Used some of 'em in Four Sons, had a real Nazi army in this. Citizens of Beverly Hills got agitated seeing storm troopers wandering about, and kept calling the police, so that the studio made a rule that extras in swastika uniforms had to stay inside the lot. . . . Hitler is done here by Carl Ottmar, who was born in North Germany, but for twenty-eight years has been a citizen of the United States. . . . Lederer was amazed to meet an old friend, Ludwig Stossel, on the set. Didn't know that Stossel, who plays the old German trying to get in touch with relatives in the homeland, was in America. Lederer appeared with him on the Continental stage ten years ago. Reunion was a pleasant surprise. . . . Six-year-old Johnny Russell, who is the son of a newspaperman, has been trained in French, German, Spanish. Speaks all three.

★ ★½ THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH

PRODUCED by the March of Time, distributed by RKO-Radio. Producer and director, Louis de Rochemont. Running time, 88 minutes.

HARDLY entertainment but really a feature-length March of Time, telling in staccato fashion, more vehement than dramatic, of America as it was in 1918 and as it is now. You see an apathetic insular country seeking security and safety in neutrality; you see it drawn into the war to make the world safe for democracy. You are given a comparison between world events of twenty-five years ago and today; for the film argues how, once more, the same attitude is heading our country into the European debacle. Step by step the preachment shows the outbreak of the World War in 1914, our remoteness in national thought, the appeals for help, the plunge into munitions making, the sabotage, the mounting national anger at ruthlessness, finally our participation. The screen argument is cloudy and confused, but the message seems to be that America is again headed straight for war.

The producers have filmed their scenes with nonprofessional players; they have utilized shots from old newsreels of the period. Over it all sounds the constant voice of the commentator.

Not entertainment but a celluloid editorial, and frequently a vague one.

VITAL STATISTICS: New London, Connecticut, was selected by the producers as an ideal locale. Colleges, industrial plants, old homes and buildings provided a background quite like that of 1914-18. Empty silkmill was made over into a studio. Fourteen hundred citizens constituted the cast. There were 73 speaking parts. . . . Producer Louis de Rochemont, in telling his story of the World War's impact on a typical American community, wanted only amateurs who looked their roles. Thus Clarence Stowell, age 56, teacher, sales exec., and lecturer, became small-town Congressman John Lawton. Housewife Marguerite Boynton Brown, widow of a naval officer, got the role of the wife of a German professor whose life is shattered by internment as an enemy alien. Dr. Alfredo U. Wyss, Swiss scientist and biologist, played the professor. A Brown University student, Robert Rapelye, acted their son. So through the cast. . . . When the film was first planned, it was to tell more, to go into details of our national defense problem of today. But there was no room. . . . The whole job of making The Ramparts We Watch took close to ten months.

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THE TURNTABLE

A review of the outstanding recent phonographic recordings

BY LISTENER

CLASSICAL

★ ★ ★ ★ HAYDN: *Symphony No. 104 in D Major (London)*. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra (Columbia Set 109). Wonderfully recorded and interpreted superbly by Beecham and his men, this is a set to treasure.

★ ★ ★½ WAGNER: *Siegfried Idyll*. Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter (Victor Album G-12). Serenely beautiful music conducted by a great musician. Albert Coates leads the London Symphony in The Fairies Overture on the third record of this album. Another fine "black label" value.

★ ★ ★½ DVORAK: *Quartet No. 6 in F Major (American)*. Played by the Budapest String Quartet (Victor Album 681). A brilliant blend of American Indian themes and European romanticism. Faultlessly performed by this great quartet.

★ ★ ★ BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 1 in D*

Minor. Artur Schnabel and the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by George Szell (Victor Album 677). Distinguished performance of this great work for piano and orchestra. The piano tone is particularly good.

OFF THE BEATEN PATH

★ ★ ★½ *Tango,* Ramon Littee and his orchestra (Columbia Set C-15). Well chosen selection of popular Argentine tangos. The leader's bandonion plays an important part in these authentic zestful performances.

★ ★ ★ *Dust Bowl Ballads,* Woody Guthrie (Victor Set P27). Contemporary folk songs sung by one who has lived them. Their simplicity and the wry humor of the composer's words have a strong appeal.

★ ★ ★ GILBERT-SULLIVAN: *Trial by Jury,* National Light Opera Company (Royale 616-619). Well sung by both chorus and principals, who bring out the full flavor of this amusing stand-by of the Savoyards.

POPULAR

★ ★ ★½ *Just Like Taking Candy from a Baby.* Fred Astaire with Benny Goodman's Orchestra and Sextet (Columbia 35517). Exciting work by all concerned. Fred's tapping and the Sextet's playing make this a very exceptional record. Fred sings as the orchestra plays *Who Cares* on the other side.

★ ★ ★½ *The End of the Rainbow.* Sung by Judy Garland with Bobby Sherwood's Orchestra (Decca 3231). Judy sings this ballad with feeling, receiving excellent support from the orchestra. The reverse has Woody Herman's Orchesta doing the same tune in dance tempo.

★ ★ ★ *You Think of Everything.* Tommy Dorsey's Orchestra (Victor 26636). Once more Tommy's trombone solo work is the thing to listen for. Connie Haines handles the vocal capably.

★ ★ ★ *How Can I Ever Be Alone?* Kay Kyser's Orchestra (Columbia 35518). Ginny Sims asks this musical question in charming style. The orchestra supplies smooth backgrounds. *Tennessee Fish Fry* is crisply played on the other side.

★ ★ ★ *It Wouldn't Be Love.* Hal Kemp's Orchestra (Victor 26635). Featuring an English horn solo with delicate flute and clarinet effects. Janet Blair vocal.

★ ★ ★ *All This and Heaven Too.* Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra (Decca 3259). Bob Eberle's fine vocal is supported by the band in an excellent arrangement. *If I Forget You,* on reverse, more good work from the same vocalist.

★ ★ ★ *When the Swallows Come Back to Capistrano.* Gene Krupa's Orchestra (Columbia 35520). Mellow, relaxed playing by this fine band with the saxes doing particularly well. Howard DuLany sings the lyrics.

SWING

★ ★ ★½ *Jam Session at Commodore, No. 3* (Commodore 1504 and 1505). Sincere group improvising at a slow tempo, using *A Good Man Is Hard to Find* as its theme. Pee Wee Russell's clarinet throughout. Jess Stacy's piano solo on the B side of 1504 and Bud Freeman's amazing work in the ride out are the high spots.

★ ★ ★ *Front and Center.* John Kirby's Orchestra (Vocalion 5520). Characteristically smooth ensemble playing, plus fine solos by Kyle and Shavers. A beautifully played straight rendition of Griselle's *Nocturne* is on the other side.

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Sally: *Of all the crust!* Sending me a *wilted lily* and saying I should learn about *pep appeal.* It's signed "A Friend."
Polly: Your friend has imagination, anyway.

Sally: It's that cat who stole my Bill! Just wait till I get her on the phone!
Polly: Whoa there, impetuous! Maybe you ought to get even another way. Why not put on the pep and win back the boy? Quit living on cream puffs and get all your *vitamins.* Come down to the kitchen for a lesson.

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Sally: But, gosh! Why didn't you tell me PEP *tastes* so good.

Sally: *(another night)* Am I going to turn on the pep tonight! That boy won't know what hit him.
Polly: Well—where there's pep there's hope.

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WHO KILLED THIS WOMAN?

By HARRIETTE ASHBROOK

WEIRDLY, twenty years after her husband Prentice Ballinger committed suicide, his rich and extravagant widow, Moira, is found dead under similar circumstances, even to the silver-mounted revolver used. At the time of her death her older sister, Ollie, was seeing a movie, The Sea Rogue, with two of the servants. Three other servants at home had heard no shot or other disturbing sound.

Dr. Horatio Pennypacker, the family physician, calls up the New York City Homicide Squad, and Inspector Herschman and his assistant, "Spike" Tracy, take the case. They are puzzled to hear Pennypacker hint that neither husband nor wife committed suicide, despite the strong evidence.

The Ballingers were far from being a harmonious family. Moira had been at odds with her stepson, Sidney, who had asked her for a loan of $100,000 on the afternoon of the night she died; her son, David, had been disowned because of his marriage to a poor Polish girl; and Moira's daughter, Patricia, the youngest, despised her mother but wangled money out of her with which she lived an independent, hard-boiled life of her own.

Quickly following the sudden demise of Mrs. Ballinger, her lawyer, James P. Worts, and her French maid, Adrienne Cachin, are victims of foul play. Investigating into their pasts, the two detectives find that the lawyer and maid have been implicated in what were suspicious actions—possibly blackmail. Both had known the Ballingers even before the violent end of Prentice. Did they know the truth about his death?

Spike Tracy is sure that both Patricia and Jeffrey Linscott, the middle-aged gigolo who lived on Moira, are very much involved in the crimes or have criminal knowledge they are holding back. The girl tries to sneak out of the city and head for Seattle with Aunt Ollie, but is circumvented by the police.

Then stubs of forged checks drawn on Moira's account are traced to Linscott. Further, it is discovered that he visited his paramour a few hours before her tragic end. Spike calls him up, tells him what he knows, and makes an appointment to see him that night. Arriving at Linscott's apartment, he finds him in the bathroom, unconscious, with slashed wrists, and Patricia, dressed as a boy, ransacking a desk!

PART SEVEN—
A DEATHBED CONFESSION

IT was two o'clock in the morning and the long white halls of the hospital were dimly lit and still. Before the room at the far end of the corridor two people waited. A man and a girl—a girl dressed as a boy. With every sound from the room within, both grew visibly tenser.

He shot a swift glance at her, sought to fathom the thoughts that were going on inside that tousled blonde head with the boy's cap.

Spike remembered that dim tenement room and the hollow-eyed man reeling against the frame of the door. *Sure. Plugged right through the brains.* . . . After that she was changed. Hard and wary and cautious.

Why hadn't he told Herschman? Why had he pursued the will-o'-the-wisp trail of Linscott? Or was it a will-o'-the-wisp trail? . . . What was in back of Patricia's furtive visit to Linscott's apartment tonight?

That look of terror on her face when he had laid Linscott on the couch and turned on the lights had been genuine. That half-stifled cry had been real. She hadn't come there to murder Linscott. She'd come to find something. She'd been standing near the desk when the lights had gone on, and it was littered with the contents of cubbyhole and drawer. There was a chest on the opposite side of the room, and its contents, too, had been turned out.

He grabbed Patricia just as she was about to dive downstairs.

As their taxi had followed the ambulance to the hospital, she had looked at him, tight-lipped, unshakable in her resolve to silence. Only one thing he had learned from her because she had been strangely willing to tell it, and that was how she had gotten in.

"With a key, of course"—and she had produced it. "It belonged to my mother. And I wore these clothes to dodge the guy you've got tailing me."

And now they waited, sitting side by side in the hospital corridor. Spike put his hand into the inside pocket of his coat, fingered the flat booklet that was there. Linscott's passport. His unbreakable alibi—for twenty years ago. He had found it in Linscott's coat in the bathroom, just where he had hung it before he had rolled up his shirt sleeves and taken the razor from the medicine chest.

He got up and started pacing back and forth in the hall. Suddenly the girl was beside him, her hand clutching his arm.

"Why—why do you want to save him?" Her voice was low and full of fierce passion.

"Why not?"

"Because it's the easiest way out for him. Let him alone. Let him die. Then the whole bloody thing will be ended."

"Ended?"

"Of course. Oh, you fool, don't you see it? He killed Prentice Ballinger, he killed my mother, he killed Worts, he killed Adrienne! Why don't you let him kill himself?"

He just stood there looking at her. Her clutching hands were more frantic now on his arm. She was almost shaking him. "He killed them. You know he did."

"I don't know anything of the kind," he said evenly. "That's why I want to save him—if only long enough to make a deathbed confession."

They both turned quickly. The doctor had come out of the room and was standing before them.

"Well?" Spike said.

"He had a slim chance, but now I'm afraid it's gone."

"He's dead?"

"Not yet; but he will be in a little while. Transfusion would have saved him, but we haven't got a donor. He's the AB blood group and that's rare. We have only two AB donors on our list, and one of them is out of the city and the other is himself very ill with pneumonia. Now, if this man has any relatives . . ."

Spike turned toward the girl. "Has he got any relatives?"

She hesitated, her eyes darting quickly from Spike to the doctor and back again.

"Speak up—quick!"

"No—no relatives. But—but I mean—" She turned toward the doctor. "But I—once just for fun a medical student I know—he made a test—"

"You mean you're of the AB blood group?"

"I—I think so."

"Nurse!" The doctor snapped out sharp, curt commands.

A SLEEPY chime in a near-by church tower struck four o'clock. From the east the first faint gray of dawn filtered into the hospital room. The man and the girl were beside the bed now. The girl wore a bandage on her upper arm and she looked a little pale and shaken. But her hard young mouth was as grim and firm as ever.

They waited.

Presently Linscott opened his eyes. He looked up at Spike with bitter accusing eyes. He spoke thickly: "Why—why didn't you—keep out? Why didn't you—let me—die?"

"Don't worry. You're going to die all right." Spike's voice was quiet and cold.

A look of relief crossed Linscott's face. "Tha—that's good."

"But before you hand in your checks you might as well tell me everything you've been lying about this last week. You're beyond hope of good or evil, Linscott, so you might as well spill it all."

Linscott nodded weakly. Then he said: "Got a cigarette?"

Spike reached for his case, but the girl was quicker than he was. She had lighted a cigarette and was bending over the bed.

"Look here, Jeff." Her words were like steel darts. "You've never done a decent thing in your life. But do it now. Do you understand? *Do it now.*"

Spike pulled her back to her chair. Then he turned to Linscott. "Did you forge the bunch of checks found in Moira Ballinger's lockbox?"

"Yes."

"When you told her that you were going to marry Lillian Gillespie, did she threaten to expose the forgeries and have you prosecuted?"

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"Yes." He was noticeably weaker.

"Did Worts know about those checks?"

"He was—the one—discovered 'em."

"Did Adrienne Cachin know about 'em?"

"She knew—" He struggled with weakness. "She knew—everything—always."

"Did Worts come to see you Tues-

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day night, the night Moira Ballinger was murdered?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"Offered—hand the checks over to me—for hundred thousand dollars. Needed money."

"But where'd he think you would get a hundred thousand dollars?"

"Gillespie—settlement."

"What did you tell him?"

"I'd—try and get it. Went to Lillian's—that night. Tuesday night. Her father—not there. Couldn't do—anything—then. Worts telephoned Wednesday—night. Made date for Thursday. Met him next night. Accused me—murdering Moira—so I had to—"

His eyes closed. The cigarette drooped from his mouth. Spike looked alarmed. "And so you had to kill Worts?"

"Y-yess." The voice was thick now.

"Did Adrienne Cachin try to blackmail you?"

"Yess—like she bled—Moira for years."

"Did you kill Adrienne Cachin? Is that true?"

"Y-yess."

"Did you kill Moira Ballinger?"

There was no answer. The two watchers beside the bed waited. Linscott breathed heavily. He opened his eyes.

"I—killed Worts—and the maid, but—I didn't k—"

The eyes fluttered shut. There was a tremor through the body. And then the head lolled on the pillow and the mouth sagged open in the inevitable slack of death.

"WELL," said Herschman jovially as Spike walked into his office, "I see you didn't get murdered. What happened? You kill him instead?"

"No. He killed himself."

"*What?*" Herschman sat up.

"Yeah." And briefly Spike related the story of the previous night's vigil that had ended with death in the early dawn. He left out the parts that had to do with Patricia Ballinger.

As he described it, it was a lonely vigil, relieved only by the occasional presence of doctors and nurses. And there was no blood transfusion. And there was one sentence of that last weak-voiced confession that was even less complete than it had been originally.

"It's in the bag!" Herschman's voice was jubilant. "Your theory was perfect. Everything checks. You've done it again, boy." Herschman, who was never stinting in his praise, clapped him on the back.

Spike said nothing. He just sat smoking and glaring.

"Oh, I get it." Herschman grinned indulgently. "You're worrying about those iron-clad alibis. Well, set your little heart at rest, because I've got them all figured out."

"Yeah?" He was thinking about something else—something that had come to him as he had driven Patricia Ballinger home from the hospital. She had been like one who sees a last hope slipping from her and yet is resolved to fight desperately on.

". . . and passports can be forged, you know," Herschman was saying. "And as for the time element in the second murder—I mean Moira Ballinger—that's not too hard to crack. It's like you said. That Gillespie dame is as dumb as they come, and it probably was like taking candy from a baby for Linscott to jimmy the time on her. Now, first of all, we should get hold of that passport and . . ."

Spike reached into his inner breast pocket and fingered the passport he had taken from Linscott's clothes. "He—he may have destroyed it before he began carving himself up," he prevaricated.

"Yeah, I know. But anyway we'll make a thorough search of his apartment."

"Look," Spike interrupted. "I was up all night. I'm falling on my feet."

"O. K. Go home and sleep. It'll be pie from here on."

SPIKE stumbled out of the office. But he didn't go home to bed. Instead he went down to the very private office of a very confidential expert in the Whitehall Building. There was a brief conference, and he handed over the Linscott passport and was told to be back by one o'clock.

Then he went out and took a walk in Battery Park. He found a diner and lunched on a sandwich and coffee. The food seemed to settle his mind.

He took out an envelope. On it he wrote: "Things Unexplained by Theory Previously Expounded to Herschman." Then he started making a neat list:

1. What did David Ballinger mean by *Sure. Plugged right through the*, etc.?

2. Why did Patsy Ballinger get terror-stricken at the sight of the gun that killed her mother? (Sentimental reasons not valid.)

3. What was Patsy Ballinger hunting for in Linscott's apartment?

4. Why did Patsy Ballinger try to sneak out of town?

His pencil paused. He placed a tentative 5 below the 4, and hesitated. Then he scratched it out.

He got up and paid his check and went out onto the sidewalk and looked at his watch. One thirty. Good! At the very private office he found the very confidential expert waiting for him. "There isn't a doubt," he said as he returned the passport to Spike, "of its authenticity."

In front of the building he took a taxi and gave an address down on the East Side. But when he got there he found that the David Ballingers had moved. A willing cohort of volunteers from among the neighborhood children gave information. They'd moved to some place up in the Bronx.

It was hot, and Spike went into a corner bar and had a glass of beer. Maybe the bartender would know.

No, the bartender didn't know.

"But do you know," said the barkeep, "that for a while there was some buzzards down here that kind of hinted around that he'd killed his mother himself, just on purpose so's he could get the money that was coming to him?"

"Really?" The tone was only mildly interested, but Spike could feel things quivering inside himself.

"Yeah. I remember the night it happened—the night the old lady was bumped off. A Tuesday it was. I seen Dave on the street, and I knew we was gonna be short a waiter here during the rush hours, on account our regular waiter was sick, so I says Dave could have the job for the evening.

"Yeah, the night Dave's old lady was bumped off, he was here till closin' time, and then got plastered for some reason—"

The bartender broke off. A customer had come in. Spike ordered another beer and drank it slowly and made it last until the customer left.

"What time do you close?" Spike then asked, tense.

"Why, I ain't locked up and left this place before eleven thirty for months—not for a single night."

As Spike rode west in a taxi he mulled over this. David Ballinger had not on the night of June 1 left the beer joint before eleven thirty. He couldn't possibly have murdered his mother. Nicholas, the butler, had seen her alive at eight thirty. The medical examiner had said that she had died "sometime before eleven thirty."

Then what did David Ballinger mean by *Sure. I know. I was there?* Probably exactly what he said.

A mad, strange, fantastic notion he'd got that morning driving home in the dawn with Patricia Ballinger leaped to Spike's mind. He considered it, trying hard not to get excited. Then he leaned forward and gave the cab driver the address of the Ballinger house on East 84th Street.

AFTER a week of duty at the Ballinger house, Patrolman Brannan was distinctly bored. Spike, when he arrived, almost caught him napping. He had just time to get into his coat and stand at attention.

"Everybody in?" Spike asked.

"Yes, sir. Everybody except the butler. He's out shopping."

"Good." And Spike went on down the dark hall. Patrolman Brannan sighed, mopped his forehead, and took his coat off again and laid it beside his gun, night stick, and a pair of regulation handcuffs. He settled himself in an easy chair facing the street, and presently he began to nod.

Jennie, the pert young housemaid, answered Spike's ring. She simpered and hoped secretly that he had returned to pursue further the question of Donald Derr's charms. He had—but not with her.

"Sarah in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ask her to come upstairs. I'll be

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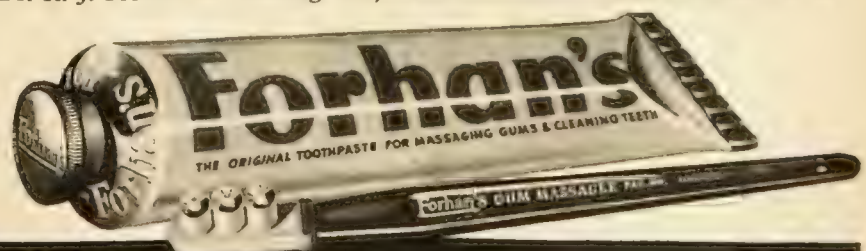

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in the room at the rear of the hall on the second floor."

A few minutes later the housekeeper was with him. She entered the room hesitantly. Her aplomb, her assurance was gone. But most marked of all was the absence of her characteristic garrulity.

"You wanted me, sir?" she said.

"Yes; but only for a minute." He paced nervously up and down the room, smoking in short quick puffs. "Tell me, Sarah. On the night that Mrs. Ballinger was killed, you went to the movies at the Barrett around the corner?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you sit?"

"Downstairs, on the right-hand side, sir; down in front. Miss Ollie's eyes ain't so good, you know."

"And you saw Donald Derr?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very exciting, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That place where he jumps from the rigging into the sea. And you remember the place where they land in the West Indies to get water, and are attacked by natives?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you—" He broke off, paused abruptly in his nervous pacing. He listened. Then he sprang toward the door into the hall and threw it open. He caught sight of a pair of heels disappearing around the little bend that led to the back stairs. He covered the distance in two swift leaps.

HE grabbed Patricia Ballinger just as she was about to dive downstairs. She fought him off for a moment. But he held her firmly, and finally her breath gave out. He grinned.

"Hear anything interesting?" he said.

"Let me go."

"Only tell me first what you're doing up here."

"Getting some clothes for Aunt Ollie."

"O. K. Go ahead and get 'em." He let go of her, and without so much as a backward glance he returned to the room where Sarah Allred was waiting. At first he seemed not to see her as he resumed his pacing . . . thinking, mulling something over in his mind.

It was she who broke the nervous silence: "Please, sir, is that all?"

Spike was suddenly brought back to his surroundings. He tamped out his cigarette and looked at the woman before him, and suddenly he realized how old she looked. Old—and frightened.

"Yes," he said quietly; "that is all."

He remained there for a little while, playing with fantastic ideas. Then he went downstairs. As he passed the door that led into Patrolman Brannan's cubbyhole, he looked in. Brannan was sleeping peacefully. For a moment he considered waking him. Then he thought better of it, and instead tore a leaf from his address book and left a note perched on top of the patrolman's set of handcuffs:

"Sweet dreams, Brannan, and may you never be murdered.—S. TRACY."

He let himself out quietly and walked toward Lexington Avenue. He stopped in front of the theater around the corner. He bought a ticket and went in.

And later, when he came out, he took a taxi down to the Consolidated Ticket Offices and looked up train schedules from Sarasota, Florida. It took a bit of digging, because the schedules he was interested in were twenty years old.

WHEN Spike got home that night at six thirty he found a caller waiting for him—Dr. Horatio Pennypacker.

"He's been here about an hour," Pug said in a low voice as he greeted Spike in the hall.

Spike entered the living room and welcomed the doctor. "Well, well, well, doctor, and how are you?" He was just bursting with bluff heartiness. "Haven't seen you for a dog's age. Sit down. Have a drink. Pug!" he yelled over his shoulder. "Bring us a couple of highballs. Extra high! Charming of you to drop in on me like this, doctor—charming. I always say—"

Pennypacker held up his hand to check the spate of meaningless words. And then for the first time he spoke, in his dry, precise voice. "I did not come here, Mr. Tracy, to be charming. I came here to find out the present status of the Ballinger murder investigation."

"Didn't you read in the paper this morning where Inspector Herschman gave out a statement saying that a solution of the Ballinger case might be expected within the next twenty-four hours?"

"Yes, I read that statement. I read it this morning and yesterday morning and the morning before that. It seems to be a favorite with the very intelligent inspector. He has been using it ever since the investigation started."

"Well, of course you understand, doctor, that in a case like this you have to say something to satisfy the newspapers."

"Then am I to take it that the inspector's statement is not true—that a solution of the case may *not* be expected within the next twenty-four hours?"

"Well, now, doctor, I wouldn't say that."

Pug came in with two drinks. They took them and sipped them silently. Presently Pennypacker put down his glass.

"So," he said, "you won't talk, eh? That, I believe, is, under the circumstances, considered to be the appropriate remark."

"Quite."

Pennypacker sighed and put down his empty glass. "Too bad, Mr. Tracy. I had hoped—" He broke off.

"Hoped what?" Spike prompted, with a quizzical grin.

"That you might see the futility of subjecting the unfortunate people innocently involved in this regrettable affair to any further humiliation and unhappiness."

"Meaning just what?"

"That it is fairly obvious, is it not, that the mysterious and unfortunate murders which started with the death of Prentice Ballinger twenty years ago are now quite adequately accounted for."

"Are they?"

"You know as well as I do that Jeffrey Linscott killed Prentice and Moira Ballinger, James P. Worts, and the maid Adrienne Cachin. Under the circumstances, therefore, it would seem that further prosecution of the investigation is futile and unnecessary."

Spike looked at Pennypacker, a faint ironic smile turning up the corners of his mouth. "Doctor, you're not suggesting that—how shall I put it?" He paused, groping for the precise terms. "You're not by any chance trying to persuade me 'not to pursue the inquiry too diligently'?"

PENNYPACKER said nothing. It was as if he had sensed that he was skating over thin ice. But he stiffened slightly.

"Because if you are," Spike went on, "that's very interesting."

"In what way?"

"On your own evidence, doctor, James P. Worts tried twenty years ago to sabotage the inquiry into the death of Prentice Ballinger."

"Mr. Tracy, four people have been murdered. Jeffrey Linscott has confessed. All attendant circumstances support that confession. We need not waste time going into them, because you know them as well as I do. The point is—"

"Not so fast, doctor," Spike broke in. "In the first place, Jeffrey Linscott confessed to the murder of only two of the four people involved—Worts and the maid."

"That, unfortunately, is because he died before he could complete his confession. Now be sensible, Mr. Tracy. I myself, I believe, on that very first morning when you and the inspector arrived at the Ballinger house to take charge of the case, made a list for you of the circumstances surrounding the death of Prentice Ballinger and the death of Moira Ballinger. In both cases they were almost identical. Further investigation by the police brought out further parallels in the two cases.

"Now, things don't happen, you know, by accident. Lightning, Mr. Tracy, doesn't strike twice in the same place. Jeffrey Linscott killed Prentice Ballinger because Prentice Ballinger had discovered Linscott's intrigue with his wife. And he killed Moira Ballinger because she had threatened to expose him to the police as a forger. The other two murders—Worts and the maid—were just incidental, but necessary. Can't you see it? Can't you understand that?"

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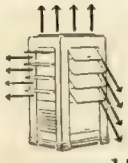

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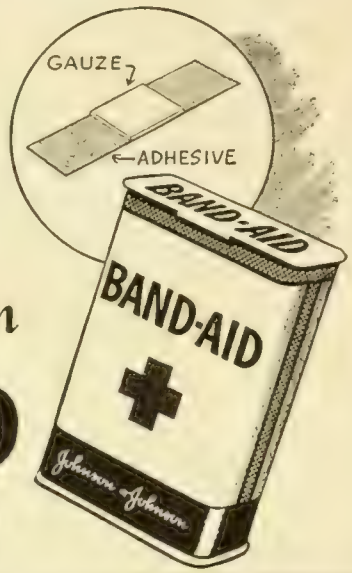

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People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

URGENT!

message to you women who suffer female weakness

(DUE TO FUNCTIONAL CAUSE)

Few women today are free from some sign of functional trouble. Maybe you've noticed YOURSELF getting restless, moody, nervous, depressed lately—your work too much for you—

Then why not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help quiet weary, hysterical nerves, relieve monthly pain (cramps, backache, headache) and weak dizzy spells due to functional disorders.

For over 60 years Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of weak, run-down, nervous "ailing" women and girls to go smiling thru "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

"No," Spike said quietly, "I can't. The trouble is that I have incontrovertible proof that at the time of Prentice Ballinger's death Jeffrey Linscott was three thousand miles away—in France."

Pennypacker said nothing for a moment. When he spoke again his voice was heavy with sarcasm. Too heavy. It didn't ring true. "Oh, really. How very interesting! Is it permitted to inquire what this 'incontrovertible proof' is?"

"Oh, sure." Spike was bighearted. He drew the Linscott passport from his pocket and flourished it in front of Pennypacker. He appeared very nonchalant, but in reality he was watching every move and muscle of the doctor. At the sight of the passport there was a slight stiffening of the jaw.

"And it's absolutely kosher," Spike went on. "I've just had it examined and checked by an expert. Not a chance of its being phony." He could see Pennypacker's hands gripping hard on the arms of his chair.

"I see, Mr. Tracy, that you are determined to be adamant."

"Now you're talking nonsense, doctor, and you know it."

I KNOW nothing of the kind. I do know, however, that in any investigation of this kind a proper evaluation of evidence is absolutely necessary if one is to come to a proper conclusion. Large theories unsupported by sound fact are dangerous." He rose decisively. "Since it is impossible to keep this conversation on the level of a friendly chat—"

"Baloney, doctor, and you know it. It was never meant for a friendly chat. You came here on a fishing expedition. I know how it is. But now that you've caught your fish and found out that it is a shark instead of a sucker, perhaps you'd better . . ."

"Quite." Pennypacker's tone was icy. "If you will give me just one moment to collect my hat and stick, I shall save you the trouble of ordering me out of your house."

"Doctor!" Spike's voice was heavy with mock contrition as he handed Pennypacker his hat. "How could you misunderstand me?"

Pennypacker said nothing. He took his hat and stick and walked to the door and opened it. Spike stood in the archway to the living room and watched him. "Oh, doctor!" he called, just as Pennypacker was about to pull the door to behind him. "I forgot to ask you. Have you seen Donald Derr in The Sea Rogue?"

The door shut quickly—but not quickly enough. Spike caught a split-second glimpse of the doctor's face—shaken, frightened.

What's at the end of this trail of The Sea Rogue? Why was Pennypacker frightened at a casual mention of the movie? Who killed Prentice and Moira Ballinger if Jeffrey Linscott didn't? There is a tremendous and surprising curtain waiting for you in next week's finale!

We'll give America wings!

BY DONALD W. DOUGLAS, PRESIDENT OF DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT, INC., AS TOLD TO IRVING WALLACE

Can we match Nazi might? Here's a heartening answer

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WE have the lesson before us over and over again. Nations that were not ready, and were unable to get ready, found themselves overrun by the enemy."

Those words, from the lips of President Franklin D. Roosevelt, following a demand that the nation gear itself to a production of 50,000 military and naval planes a year, brought to a joint session of Congress the realization of the necessity for preparedness.

And to American citizens, worried and confused by European war news, the President's warning and his demand posed two important questions:

Could the United States, under pressure, meet the necessary 50,000 quota?

Could the United States, under pressure, make as good and as efficient airplanes as those being used by the belligerents?

Speaking as the head of the largest privately owned aircraft factory in the nation, and as an individual who for twenty-odd years has manufactured transport and fighting planes, my answer is: Yes, we can do it!

This is not mere optimism or wishful thinking.

I am positive that American aircraft manufacturers, unhampered by politics and partisanship, can and will, in this hour of need, keep pace with the desires of the President, the Congress—and the American people.

To be sure, this task, a task which indirectly involves every one, won't be easy. There will be numerous obstacles. The major obstacle seems to be one of personnel. Whether or not there are available, in the aircraft industry and elsewhere, enough trained workers is the initial problem.

This problem, I feel, can be solved. Less than a year ago we had 7,000 specialized men at work in our Santa Monica and El Segundo, California, factories. With the coming of the war and sudden rush orders for new planes from the Allies, we were faced with the emergency of increased production. We met this successfully by boosting the number of our employees from 7,000 to 18,000. This was all accomplished swiftly and efficiently, mainly because of our long-range aeronautical educational system. And now, looking toward the future, I feel we will be able to meet the new demand by being able to train and hire for our local plants at least 6,000 more men—and, if necessary, by training additional thousands for other factories.

Fortunately, we at Douglas have a competent training system. We do not hire men unless they are well acquainted with at least one phase of airplane work. Toward this end we spend a fortune annually in high schools and colleges giving pre-employment training. Then, inside our walls we conduct a shop training course for dozens of outstanding men a year. To improve the technical knowledge of our present employees, we conduct free extension courses—today being attended by about 1,000 of our workers.

All this makes me confident that the question of personnel can be met and answered with certainty.

In the past, in the United States, unit cost of airplanes has been increased and output adversely affected by the relatively small quantities of each model purchased, by the constant fluctuation in demands, by the endless changes made in construction

during development of new models. Today these faults can be mended only by a compact, cohesive, long-range government procurement program.

Citizens, laymen, have questioned whether American manufacturers, steeped in practices of peacetime aircraft construction, can rapidly change over to the task required by the President's defense program.

My answer is emphatically, Yes!

For one thing, release to foreign purchasers of advanced models of American airplanes has given the aircraft industry a fine start. Foreign orders made it possible for the great aircraft manufacturing plants of southern California to go on a wartime production basis without any additional expenditures or cost to the government.

Today our own plants furnish 69 per cent of all United States transport airliners, but this commercial business is, at this writing, less than 20 per cent of our total backlog. Military experts and men like Wayne W. Parrish, editor of American Aviation, believe that in wartime transports possess as much value as pursuits and bombers. Thus the commercial backlog can be a definite military asset.

More than half of our production at this writing is concentrated on the attack bomber types which we are now delivering abroad. Our specialty is the DB-7, a twin-engined, high-wing, all-metal monoplane, carrying pilot, bomber, and gunner, which will fly at a speed well in excess of 300 miles an hour. Experts who tested this ship abroad considered it among the best all-round airplanes in the European war today.

Of course I am only in a position to speak for Douglas planes. But other American manufacturers, in their own fields, can do as well.

I have heard American citizens question whether American manufacturers could turn out anything to equal Germany's terrifying "Stuka" dive bombers. My reply is: The German Stuka is nothing new. As many as twelve years ago the United States Navy had the Curtiss OsC Hell Diver, and since that time we have made, and are making, many similar dive bombers for the navy in our own plants.

Certain as I am that Douglas Aircraft and all other major plants in this nation can meet the President's challenge, there is still one more possible obstacle I can see: the difficult one of sabotage by fifth columnists. Yet here again I feel that the American people need have no worry. For I know other industry heads, like myself, are taking every possible precaution.

I recently sent a letter to each of our 18,000 employees. It read in part:

"Under conditions resulting in the new defense program, it is possible that alien interests or elements opposed to the security of this nation may attempt to hinder our production and sabotage activities or products of our plants. It is the duty of every loyal American and every employee of this company to promptly and accurately report any and all such attempts, and to exercise increased vigilance in his work. . . . Every employee of this company has a solemn obligation to serve and protect his government and everything it represents. Any one not in sympathy with the government of the United States, with its defense program, or with this company's activities, should get out. . . . Your loyalty and common sense should be your guide in reporting anything requiring investigation. Do not be hasty, but do not hesitate to contact your supervisors. They and the government will know what to do."

This personal letter brought instant results. Reassuring letters poured in. Each writer felt he was a committee of one appointed to safeguard production.

Of course, other measures will continue. The Federal Bureau of Investigation sent G-men, who are now very much on the job. The Army and Navy Intelligence is on the job. A large well trained force is at work guarding and investigating the plant and its product.

Finally, I can repeat, for myself and, I am sure, for the heads of other aircraft organizations, that we are ready. We have been challenged to give America wings.

We *know* we can do it!

THE END

Just an inch and a half from a kiss!

SIS, WHAT WOULD YOU MAKE OF A MAN WHO STARTED TO KISS YOU--AND THEN CHANGED HIS MIND? WOULD YOU THINK HE WAS SHY, OR WHAT?
I THINK ALL MEN ARE SHY OF--OF BAD BREATH, ANNE. AND THAT'S SOMETHING THAT YOU--WELL, I WISH YOU'D TALK TO OUR DENTIST ABOUT IT!
ANNE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
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"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
DID YOU TELL ME JOE WAS SHY, ANNE? OR WAS THAT BEFORE YOU TWO GOT ENGAGED?
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

A vivid on-the-spot picture of danger at England's door

"Somewhere in Ireland": A motorized column in last-minute training maneuvers.

Ireland at the Crisis

BY ROBERT LOW

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE threat of invasion was in the air. For the first time, the wail of a modern banshee sounded over Dublin and the Irish countryside. No mention of the probable invaders was made. That would have been considered an "unneutral" act. But the words "parachutists," "fifth columnists," "troop-carrying planes" told the story.

The tall, thin, rather weary man who sat across the desk turned his head a little as the unfamiliar sound came into his office. Then he sighed.

For with violence he had brought freedom to Ireland—and now violence beyond his control might snatch it away again. He was a veteran of Ireland's 700-year war for independence. He had been one of the leaders of the Bloody Easter uprising of 1916 and of the Black and Tan rebellion of 1921. His name was Eamon de Valera, Prime Minister of Eire, newest of the sovereign postwar nations. And now he found himself in a difficult and unenviable position. For this was the era of the vanishing neutral. Denmark, Norway, Holland, Luxembourg —and now the fate of Ireland was at stake. As we talked of the probable course of the war I wondered whether history would mark him as another Field Marshal Mannerheim or a President Hacha.

There was neither anxiety nor bitterness in his voice as he spoke.

"We are used to fighting against great odds, and we will fight any nation that attacks us or violates our frontiers," he told me.

But how many times before had those words been uttered by leaders of nations in Europe?

"For once, all Ireland is wholeheartedly behind the government. In our army today there are men who fought on both sides in the troubled times; men who fought on both sides in Spain; ex-service men from the British army — and Irishmen who have fought in wars throughout the world just for the love of fighting."

Almost one hundred thousand fighting Irishmen are banded together for the defense of Ireland. But they are without most of the weapons of modern warfare. And without weapons, and plenty of them, you can't fight anybody these days.

"You can divide the people here into two large classes—namely, the great bulk of the population who desire that this country should not be involved in the war; and those who feel so strongly about the issues at stake that they wish to involve us on one side or the other."

For a time the majority of Irishmen declared they would like to see John Bull "nearly beaten"; but still ninety per cent of Ireland's export trade went to Britain, who in turn supplied sixty per cent of her imports. Still twenty per cent of the men serving in the British army, navy, and air force bore Irish names.

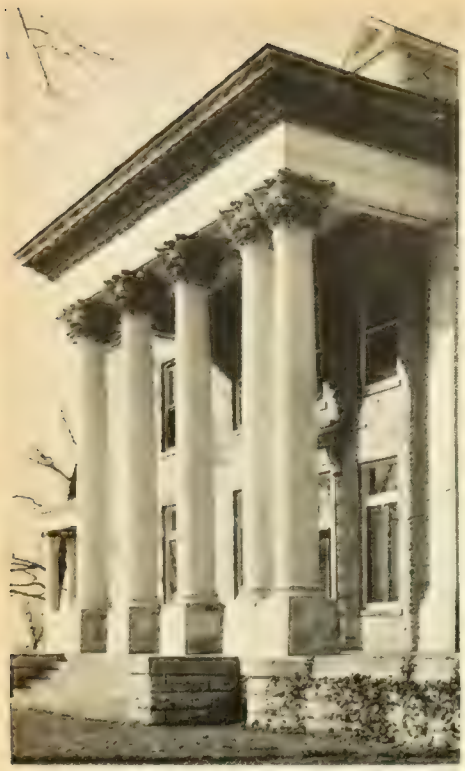
In the early months of this war there was a joke current that best summed up the Irish attitude.

Two Irish coast guards sighted a U-boat sheltered in a lonely cove along the rock-bound coast of Donegal. One of them was all for blazing away at the submarine with his shotgun.

"Ye can't do that, Pat," his mate warned. "We're neutral."

"All right. If we're neutral, who the hell are we neutral against?" was the reply.

Then came the debacle in France.



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A mass attack on Britain seemed imminent. If that succeeded, why should any one believe Ireland would be spared? If it did not succeed, perhaps a flank attack would be made on England through Ireland. Or, most likely of all, Germany would try to seize Ireland first; for if they could they would then be in a position to blockade the large industrial ports of Scotland and Wales, paralyze the vital manufacturing centers along the west coast, and by constant air attack on shipping try to prevent vital supplies and food from reaching British shores.

It began to look as though the joke might be on Ireland, so it was hastily rewritten to read, "Who are we neutral for?"

And the answer, much to the embarrassment of every one from the Eire government down to all but the extremists of the outlawed I. R. A., was "Britain."

But the scars of years of bitter fighting had not completely healed. There was still the matter of partition—the six counties in the northern part of the Emerald Isle which were still a part of Britain. At this very moment they were at war with Germany, while across the nonexistent border Eire was precariously at peace.

I drove along this incongruous frontier and saw villages actually half at war and half at peace. On the British side there was food rationing; blackouts at night. On the Eire side, butter, meat, eggs galore, street lights and even neon signs blazing in bright neutrality.

So De Valera made a proposition to Viscount Craigavon, the Prime Minister of Northern Ireland. If the six counties would become a part of Eire under an All-Ireland Parliament and drop out of the war, then De Valera would talk about "co-operation" with Britain in Ireland's defense against invasion later.

Craigavon answered that if Eire would drop her neutrality and come into the war, then Northern Ireland would talk about the possibility of "closer co-operation" with Eire later.

THE situation remained deadlocked. Ireland looked to her defenses, and found they were not really designed for the streamlined blitzkrieg that might hit her any moment.

She had no tanks, few antitank guns, an air force of less than a dozen planes, and a navy consisting of one motor torpedo boat and two fishery-protection vessels. Her army had 10,000 trained and equipped men, 20,000 trained reservists, and 70,000 volunteers.

It was a comforting thought to many Irishmen that the British had a strong mobile force just across the border, two hours by road from Dublin. But no Eire leader wanted to be known as the man who invited or permitted British armed forces to return. If they came without invitation, the war of 1921 would start all over again.

When I visited a military camp of the Eire army, however, I realized which way the wind was blowing. For the regular army wore uniforms and steel helmets which closely resembled those of the German army. The recruits for the newly formed home defense army wore British-type battle dress and helmets. Merely a question of supply, but significant.

Right up to the eleventh and a half hour Ireland hoped that by keeping herself out of the limelight she still might be spared. That hope faded as the German wireless began to broadcast warnings of alleged British neutrality violations; Germany might have to "protect" Ireland. It looked like the old familiar build-up for the blitzkrieg.

Then, at a diplomatic dinner party in Dublin, the German Minister made a few remarks in the course of conversation which sounded even more ominous. Under German control, he pointed out, Ireland could be made to produce food for twenty million people. Furthermore, in a "new Europe" Ireland would become the Gibraltar of the North Atlantic.

REPORTS from Secret Service men completed the picture. The German plan was to send a large fleet of fishing boats and barges from both Norway and the French coast to effect landings in Ireland. At one point in Norway more than a thousand craft of various sizes had already been assembled. These operations would be covered by an "air umbrella" of German fighter planes.

At the same time sorties would be made by German "suicide" landing parties, twenty to thirty thousand men each, at various points along the south and southeast coast of England in order to draw off British forces.

Meanwhile another part of the German air force would land troops and parachutists to seize vital objectives. They should be able to land four thousand heavily equipped men an hour from the air. Fifth columnists would co-operate according to plan.

Evidence found on spies arrested in Dublin proved the authenticity of these reports. Documents taken from men caught landing from small boats and submarines showed how this plan had been worked out to the last detail. Large stores of rifles and ammunition were discovered.

With great secrecy the Eire government moved against the Trojan horse. Several hundred potential fifth columnists were quickly interned.

Overnight Ireland began to look like a country at war. Every street leading from the government buildings bristled with machine-gun posts, barbed-wire barricades. Airports were spiked with railroad ties; mines were laid at the entrance to all strategic harbors. Fields that might provide landing ground for planes were made unusable. Air-raid precautions were taken, shelters hastily erected, gas masks issued.

All the frantic last-minute preparations of an unprepared country.

The die had been cast.

THE END

FOOTBALL QUIZ

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ..... Excellent
30 Correct ..... Good
25 Correct ..... Fair
20 Correct ..... Passing
Under 20 ..... Failing

BY JIM CROWLEY

Head Football Coach of Fordham University and one of the famous "Four Horsemen" of Notre Dame

1—Who is known as the Father of American Football?

2—Monday morning quarterbacks are famous throughout the land. Who are they and whom do they represent?

3—Name the colleges whose teams have the following nicknames:
a. Sooners. *b.* Gophers. *c.* Webfeet. *d.* Mustangs. *e.* Praying Colonels. *f.* Trojans.

4—What is the Corrigan run and who made it famous?

5—What football coach became President of the United States?

6—How many players on the offensive team are eligible to receive a forward pass?

7—Name the football players who have these labels: *a.* Galloping Ghost. *b.* Grand Old Man. *c.* Lighthorse Harry. *d.* Gloomy Gil. *e.* Canny Scot.

8—What schools competed in the first official intercollegiate contest and when was the game played?

9—Which team scored the highest number of points ever made in a college game and who was the victim?

10—Who is the coach credited with the adage, "A punt, a pass, and a prayer," and with what college was he affiliated?

11—What colleges did the "Iron Men," the "Seven Blocks of Granite," and the "Seven Mules" represent?

12—Who created the idea of "Shock Troops" and what was their task?

13—What is a touchdown?

14—Name three differences in the rules that distinguish college from professional football.

15—What is meant by a triple-threat man?

16—What is the neutral zone?

17—What are the dimensions of a gridiron?

18—What is the longest completed forward pass on record, and who were on the passing and receiving ends?

19—What player had more people come to see him in action in a single afternoon than any other in history?

20—How many men must be on the line of scrimmage on the offense and defense respectively?

21—What Negro All-American star is now one of the leading figures of the stage and screen?

22—Is it possible for a team to win by the score of 1–0?

23—Who is the coach generally credited with having done more than any other to popularize the forward pass, and with what college was he affiliated?

24—Answer the following, true or false:
a. A man can use his hands on the offense. *b.* A ball carrier can stiff-arm a prospective tackler. *c.* A team scoring a touchdown elects to kick off. *d.* A substitute removed from the game can return during the same period. *e.* Coaching from the side lines is not allowed.

25—Who said, "Undefeated, untied, unscored upon, and uninvited," and what was the occasion?

26—How long has football been played and who is credited with its conception?

27—Name an important change in the rules that was made in both 1906 and 1912.

28—Which plays score points, and in each case, how many points?

29—What is the oldest scholastic football classic in history?

30—Name a game in which a spectator actually participated in a regularly scheduled contest.

31—What college originated the idea of numbering its players and when was it introduced?

32—Why is a football called a pigskin?

33—Who is credited with the origin of the huddle? The military huddle?

34—The Minnesota shift, the Georgia Tech shift, the Notre Dame shift, and the Double Wing Back were made famous by what coaches?

35—Who is the originator of six-man football?

36—What is the highest-scoring tie game on record?

37—When an official makes the following gestures, what do they signify? *a.* Military salute. *b.* Holding one wrist. *c.* Hands on hips. *d.* Folding arms across chest. *e.* Both arms extended above head.

38—What cities do the Packers, Cardinals, Rams, Eagles, and Redskins represent?

39—Name a play by Shakespeare which is mentioned by sports writers in referring to the series between Pittsburgh and Fordham during the years 1935 through 1937.

40—What is the regulation weight of a football and what is its circumference?

(*Answers will be found on page 63*)

ROUTE 6 NORTHBOUND

LIBERTY'S *Short Short*

BY MARTHA P. WORTHINGTON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

THE young man who got on the bus a few stops after the girl in the big hat raised his eyebrows at her and took the seat across the aisle. Almost immediately he began throwing sidelong glances past the portly gentleman who shared her seat.

Just after having a couple of quick ones, that fella, reflected the bus driver. Fresh. He frowned into his mirror, then smiled reassuringly at the reflection of the girl. She seemed as unconscious of him as she was of her admirer across the way. Able to take care of herself. The driver shrugged. Her chin was raised in extreme hauteur, her blue eyes were cold as glass, and the profile might have been carved in stone.

The young man, apparently discouraged, stared concentratedly out of his own window and began to whistle. The young lady darted a quick glance at him and set her lips. There was suddenly a strange sound like the whine of a puppy. The driver looked fixedly at the girl, who lowered her eyes in distress. The driver noticed then that the hatbox she held in her lap had holes that looked as though they had been made hastily with a table knife or a nail file. The whine was coming from the box, and it *was* the whine of a puppy.

Heads craned over seats. Passengers became curious, sympathetic, good-naturedly sardonic.

"Hush, Timmy, hush!" the girl whispered urgently, her face scarlet. The whining increased.

To the passengers' interested comments she turned a deaf ear and a face frozen in its furious immobility. The result was that the sympathy of these good people, who did not like being snubbed, turned to exasperation and indignation. Some one passed cruel judgment on people who brought dogs on buses in hatboxes. Wasn't it against the law? The girl wet her lips nervously and half rose.

"I think I could quiet him." The young man across the aisle smiled brightly. "May I try?"

The girl glanced at the hostile faces about her.

"Very well," she said grudgingly.

He reached over and took the box. Putting his lips to one of the holes, he talked baby talk of some description. Miraculously the whining stopped.

"Thank you," the girl said formally, and held out her hand.

He gave her the box, with a shrug. Timmy, however, made bitter protest at the transfer.

A passenger said, "I'm going to complain . . ." The young man reached over and took back the box.

"His master's voice," he murmured gently, and again soothed Timmy.

"Dogs are known to fear men," the girl said ungraciously.

"Perhaps this gentleman . . ." He held out the box toward the gentleman who sat between them.

The elderly gentleman muttered something and moved to a seat in the back of the bus. The young man did not move over. He settled the hatbox on his knees and whispered his magic words to the puppy.

"How far are you going?" the young man asked amicably.

"I'm getting off at Forty-fifth Street," she responded formally.

"Hotel?" he asked.

She nodded frigidly.

"The dog's upset, that's all's the matter with him," the young man said after a pause. "Too much excitement. Young dogs need peace and quiet."

The girl made no answer.

"He'll find hotel life hard," pursued the young man. "A hotel's no place for a dog."

"He won't be there long," the girl said. "He'll be going to the seashore."

"The mountains would be better. Dogs love mountains," stated the young man with intense conviction.

"The point has already been definitely settled," the girl informed him.

"Oh, it has?"

"Yes, it has!"

There was a moment of silence. Then the young man spoke musingly.

"A dog," he said, "is like a baby. It needs a placid life, with a garden, and a baby to play with. In the summer it needs the mountains. Dogs and babies hate the sea."

"How do you know what dogs and babies want?" the girl demanded in considerable irritation.

"I know," he said calmly, to irritate her the more.

"You don't," she said with finality.

"*You* don't," he said.

"I do, too!"

"How?" he asked indulgently, gleeful at having aroused her.

"I ought to know," she snapped triumphantly.

"Why?" His smile was maddening.

"Because I'm going to *have* a baby, that's why!"

He stared at her in wonder and stupefaction.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" he thundered, on the seat beside her now.

"You didn't give me a chance," she choked. "Talking about your mountains and things!"

"You dope!" he cried. "You darling moron! We'll buy the whole Atlantic coast! Why did you let me make such a fool of myself?"

She couldn't answer, because he was kissing her.

"Stop the bus!" the young man commanded the driver.

It was the middle of a block, but the driver stopped the bus. The couple got off, crossed the street hand in hand, totally disregarding all traffic, and stood on the pavement rapturously oblivious to the rest of the world. There was a red light then, and the driver, before continuing his journey uptown, saw them board together a southbound bus.

THE END.

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

40 ANSWERS BY JIM CROWLEY

to his questions on page 61

1—The late Walter Camp.

2—They are all the second guessers who mentally win, after a game is lost, by their own perfect strategy.

3—*a.* Oklahoma. *b.* Minnesota. *c.* Oregon. *d.* Southern Methodist. *e.* Center College of Kentucky. *f.* Southern California.

4—Running in the direction opposite from the one in which your team is heading is now known as the Corrigan run. Such running was made famous by Roy Riegels of the University of California in the Rose Bowl game against Georgia Tech in 1929.

5—Woodrow Wilson. He was mentor at Princeton University.

6—Six men. The two end men on the line of scrimmage and the four backs.

7—*a.* Harold (Red) Grange. *b.* Alonzo Stagg. *c.* Harry Wilson. *d.* Gil Dobie. *e.* Andy Kerr.

8—Princeton and Rutgers in 1869.

9—Georgia Tech scored 222 points in defeating Cumberland University in 1917. The final score was 222-0.

10—Fielding H. Yost of Michigan University.

11—Brown University, Fordham University, and Notre Dame University.

12—The late Knute Rockne. They were the second stringers whose object was to wear down the opposition and also afford the first team an opportunity to study the opponents.

13—A touchdown is the score allotted you when the ball is declared dead legally in your possession on, over, or behind your opponent's goal line.

14—*a.* The professional teams are allowed to throw a pass from any point behind the line of scrimmage. The collegians can pass only if they are at least five yards in back of the line of scrimmage. *b.* Under intercollegiate rules, if a runner's knee touches the ground the play is declared dead. The professionals, however, can keep on going. *c.* Any member of either team can pick up a fumble and run with the ball in professional football. In intercollegiate circles the defensive team is not allowed to advance the ball after recovering a fumble.

15—One who is equally adept at running, kicking, and passing.

16—The neutral zone is the space between the scrimmage lines of the two teams.

17—360 feet by 160 feet.

18—A pass of 70 yards thrown by Harold T. (Brick) Muller to H. W. Stephens of the University of Southern California in a game against Ohio State.

19—Bill De Correvont of Northwestern University, while a high-school player, attracted a crowd of approximately 120,000 people to Soldier Field in Chicago in 1937.

20—Seven men on the offense and any number from none to 11 on the defense.

21—Paul Robeson.

22—Yes. If one team forfeits, the other is declared the victor by that score.

23—Ray Morrison while at Southern Methodist University.

24—*a.* False. *b.* True. *c.* False. *d.* False. *e.* True.

25—Andy Kerr of Colgate University, after his team had gone through a spotless season and had not been invited to play in the Rose Bowl classic at Pasadena in 1931.

26—Most chroniclers say football was played around the year 1000 and credit the Danes with its introduction.

27—The forward pass was introduced in 1906, and the number of downs allowed to advance the ball ten yards was increased from 3 to 4 in 1912.

28—Touchdown—6 points; successful try for point after touchdown—1 point; goal from the field—3 points; safety by opponents—2 points.

29—Andover of Massachusetts and Exeter of New Hampshire started their series in 1877.

30—Princeton vs. Dartmouth, Nov. 23, 1935. One play was run off before he was discovered in the Princeton line.

31—The University of Pittsburgh in 1915.

32—Originally it was made from the bladder of a pig and then blown up. Today it is made of pebble-grained leather.

33—Robert C. Zuppke, coach of Illinois University. Chick Meehan.

34—Harry L. Williams; John F. Heisman; Knute Rockne; Pop Warner.

35—Stephen E. Elper of Hebron, Nebraska.

36—33-33. It was a game played between Yale and Dartmouth in 1931.

37—He indicates penalties for—*a.* Unnecessary roughness. *b.* Holding. *c.* Offside. *d.* Delay of game. *e.* He indicates a score.

38—Green Bay, Wisconsin; Chicago; Cleveland; Philadelphia; and Washington.

39—Much Ado About Nothing. During the years 1935 through 1937 they played three consecutive scoreless ties.

40—15 to 16 ounces and 28 inches in circumference.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty

Every Thursday and Saturday

DRAMATIZING INTERNATIONAL NEWS SITUATIONS!

	P.M.		P.M.
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Boston	WAAB 9:00 E.D.T.	Minneapolis	KSTP 9:15 C.S.T.
Buffalo . . .	WGR 10:00 E.D.T.	New York . .	WOR 9:00 E.D.T.
Chicago . . .	WGN 8:00 C.D.T.	Philadelphia	WFIL 9:00 E.D.T
Cleveland . .	WHK 8:00 E.S.T.	San Diego . .	KGB 7:30 P.S.T.
Detroit . . .	WXYZ 8:00 E.S.T.	San Francisco	KFRC 7:30 P.S.T.
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CRACKS between your toes WARN YOU

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HOW I CURED MY SON OF COMMUNISM

DETROIT, MICH.—My son was a normal American boy when he first went to college, with no very pronounced convictions on anything except baseball. But within a short time he had *very* pronounced convictions. He thought that America was governed by nincompoops who took their orders from evil moneyed men behind the scenes, and that the only real solution for the world's ills was a general blood bath.

I realized the change first in the tenor of his letters to me, full of borrowed opinions on the trend of world affairs and stock quotations from Marx and Lenin. When he sent me a copy of Stalin's biography and essays by Maxim Gorky in defense of the Soviet Union, I saw red.

But I restrained my first impulse to sit down and write him a reply. I decided that he was still a very young man, with whole new vistas of learning opening up to him, and that he would soon learn his error.

When Russia betrayed the confidence of all but its starry-eyed worshipers by signing the Hitler pact in August, invading Poland in mid-September, and invading Finland on the last day of November, I thought he would come to his senses. But in a letter he mentioned the "defensive war" Russia was fighting against Finland, and said he would be "on the side of the hammer and sickle, even against the stars and stripes."

At the time I thought he was an extreme case; but since then, in many talks with boys of his age, I've found that even when they do not openly avow these ideas they have at least a strong sympathetic understanding for them. Whether this is the result of the text books and teachers with which they come in contact, as Mr. Sokolsky recently pointed out in Liberty, I don't know.

But I do know that by ridiculing or condemning or directly attacking the ideas that had found expression in my son, I would have made a severe and perhaps irremediable mistake. He was contemptuous of other opinions; his contempt was the weapon with which he defended himself against the fact that all informed and civilized opinion was against him. The worst thing that could happen would be for him to believe that I was against him too.

No matter how greatly I despised these opinions, I realized that my son was not by nature committed to a creed of hate and destruction. He had been tricked into believing that the only way to save the world was to hate and destroy, and the more violent his opinions the more profound and real was his desire to save the world!

When my son came home for his Christmas holiday the Russian invasion of Finland was already in its first month and the party line of the hammer and sickle was so twisted, their insignia should have been a corkscrew. They were slinging mud at any one, whatever his political beliefs, who dared to suggest that Russia was not the rediscovered Garden of Eden.

But my son took them seriously, and so I took them seriously. I made my son analyze what they said. I asked him to check what they said against the facts, without ever implying that the facts were different. He found that out soon enough.

Not once during those difficult days did I state a conclusion for him. Not once did I say this was so, and this was not. I made him want to find out.

After he went back to school I felt that my long campaign had been in vain. The influence of the associations he made at school would be too strong for me to break down.

When he came home for the Easter holidays, I met him at the railroad terminal. We did not speak as we rode home in a taxi, except politely about his trip on the train. He was carrying a Communist magazine rolled under his arm.

After dinner, while my wife was in the kitchen, he brought the magazine to me and opened to an inside page.

"A fellow at school gave me this to read on the way down," he said, "and I saved it because I think there's something you should see."

On the page was a full-sized reproduction of the Bill of Rights, with a blot sprawled across it. The caption read: "We want to take this blot off the Bill of Rights. Will you help us by sending your contribution?"

I met my son's eyes.

He smiled. "Their way of taking the blot off is by destroying the whole thing," he said.

My job was done.—*John Copley Lambsden.*

F. D. R., BUCK PRIVATE

GREELEY, COLO.—Now that one noble President doesn't "desire a third term but is a good soldier," let's make him a buck private in the rear rank.—*Tom Howard.*

¶ **"The value of gold lies in its usefulness and not in its cost," pronounces Louis Nash of Seattle, Washington. "So many people confuse cost with value."**

BUTTONS FOR PATRIOTS

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—I agree with Mr. Macfadden. Let us have a button for loyal citizens to wear, and let it have on it the two words, "Deport Them," so that no traitor can wear one without condemning himself.—*B.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Mr. Macfadden suggests every one wear a button to show their loyalty (July 27 Liberty). Let them all wear our wonderful flag as their sign!

They can get them in silk bows for the men and in jeweled flags for the women, and let children wear them too. It must be done! It is the grandest flag on earth and is cosmic protection, too, to all who wear it.—*Ida W. Inniss.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just read editorial demanding an open declaration of Americanism, and promptly put on a Willkie button. — *Lambert Fairchild.*

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—About that button separating the sheep from the goats: Wouldn't undesirables and fifth columnists be the first to wear one?—*Ed Jennings.*

BUT IT'S ALL IN FUN!

BOSTON, MASS.—I was amazed, when I received my copy of July 27 Liberty, to note on the front cover a picture that is a direct insult to every one of Scottish blood. Had you purposely intended to offend a great and friendly people, you could have chosen no better method.

The Scot is proud of his blood and proud of the ancient and honored Highland garb which you have so thoughtlessly held up to ridicule in that scurrilous caricature.

Representing thousands of persons of Scottish birth and descent in this country, I wish to most emphatically protest at this direct and public insult to our people.—*Thomas R. P. Gibb, Royal Secretary, Order of Scottish Clans.*

POMONA, CALIF.—Since when did the corncob pipe and matches, as illustrated in the Scot's stocking on your July 27 cover, come into use in Scotland? They're no sae fond of copying oor habits as Mr. McBride, the artist, would hae us think.—*William R. Brunton.*

¶ **"I'd write you what I think of Liberty," coos Rachel Goodyear of Atlanta, Georgia, "only you would have to promise to use asbestos paper that week."**

NO WOMAN AT DACHAU

BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Far be it from me to doubt Mrs. Kohler's narrative of her experiences in the home of Hitler (June 15-July 20 Liberty), but I do dispute and deny the truth of her statements concerning her purported imprisonment in the concentration camp at Dachau.

I was confined in that camp myself from March, 1933, to March, 1939, and I know that in all of that time there was not one woman there.

There was only one concentration camp for women in all

of Germany at that time, and that was at Lichterfelde. However, it is possible that Mrs. Kohler was in the Gestapo prison, Prince Albert Palace, at Munich.—*Theo Weil.*

¶ "How weary, stale, flat, and unsavory seem the humdrum horizontals of other puzzles beside the variegated verticals of Shane's masterpiece!" exclaim L. C. Dobbins and C. J. Otis of Indianapolis, Indiana.

WINNING A HURDLE RACE

GRAMERCY, LA.—The fourth question in July 20 Twenty Questions is as follows:

"A youth was the only entry in a standard event in a track meet. He finished the race, broke the tape, yet did not win. How did this happen?"

The answer is given on page 64 as follows:

"It was a hurdle race and he knocked over enough hurdles to disqualify him."

The A. A. U. regulations, which are also standard for the National Collegiate Athletic Association, state that a runner can knock down all the hurdles and still win the race. This change in the regulations was made about three years ago, previous to which time knocking down three hurdles or more disqualified the runner. No record is allowed if any hurdle is knocked down.

Your runner could have been disqualified by running around any of the hurdles but not knocking them down.

Got you there, my friend! —*George P. Meade.*

TAKE A LOOP WALK, EDDIE!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Who is Eddie Doherty kidding in his Wolves in the Windy City? (July 20 Liberty.) Certainly not any native of Chicago!

The Annenberg story is all right, but has already been rehashed over and over again in the press. If he is going to give some inside dope on Annenberg, why doesn't he write about Annenberg's silent partner—the big banker now living in New York?

So the Kelly-Nash machine is cleaning up Chicago? That certainly is news. Mr. Doherty should take a walk through the Loop and hear the rattle of the dice and the bookies doing business openly on ground-floor locations all over the Loop—no doors locked, wide open. You can stand on the sidewalk on Randolph Street and hear "a call" of every race, at every track in the country, and you do not have to be known to place a bet. Just walk in any of the various shops on Clark, Randolph, and Dearborn Streets, and you will get all the service you could possibly desire, with direct wires flashing the results, prices, and other information.

Doesn't Mr. Doherty know that, or is his article just propaganda for the Kelly-Nash machine?—*F. D. R.*

SUGAR ON A RAG A HONEY!

EL PASO, TEX.—It seems to me that your Short Short Stories get better and better. That Sugar on a Rag, by Marjorie Carter (July 20 Liberty), was a honey if I ever read one!—*Fred Cornelius.*

¶ "The Wage and Hour Law is a joke only to moneyed people," expounds Lyman D. Wells of Mount Pocono, Pennsylvania. "Before the law went into effect I worked 16 hours a day and 7 days a week. Now I work 44 hours a week, with a day off, and the pay is the same."

BARNUM BUNK?

SCALES MOUND, ILL.—After reading Stalin's Parachute Troops in the U. S. A., by Serge Jarama (July 6 Liberty), I wonder what his object is in writing his "startling confession and grim warning." Could it be that Mr. Jarama is just handing out some more of the old "Barnum bunk," knowing how America loves it, and, while we keep trying to guess which shell the pea is under, he and his cohorts have a better chance to be prepared for their work of destruction when Uncle Joe and Adolf call?—*J. B. York.*

¶ "Since Fort Knox is filled with contraband goods which every nation uses except native-born Americans, it will be a fine indemnity to pay for interfering with our neighbors' business," observes Fred Clute of Waterloo, Iowa.

FINE SALMAGUNDI ITEM

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The Salmagundi item in Mr. Oursler's July 20 Back Page, relative to point of view, was fine.

In these sad days I wish he had published this piece in large type, on a single page. It would have done a vast amount of good to brace up many tired lives.

If we'd all accept the universe for what it is within reason, as Carlyle pointed out to the student, with the words, "By gad, ye better!" we'd see things more clearly.

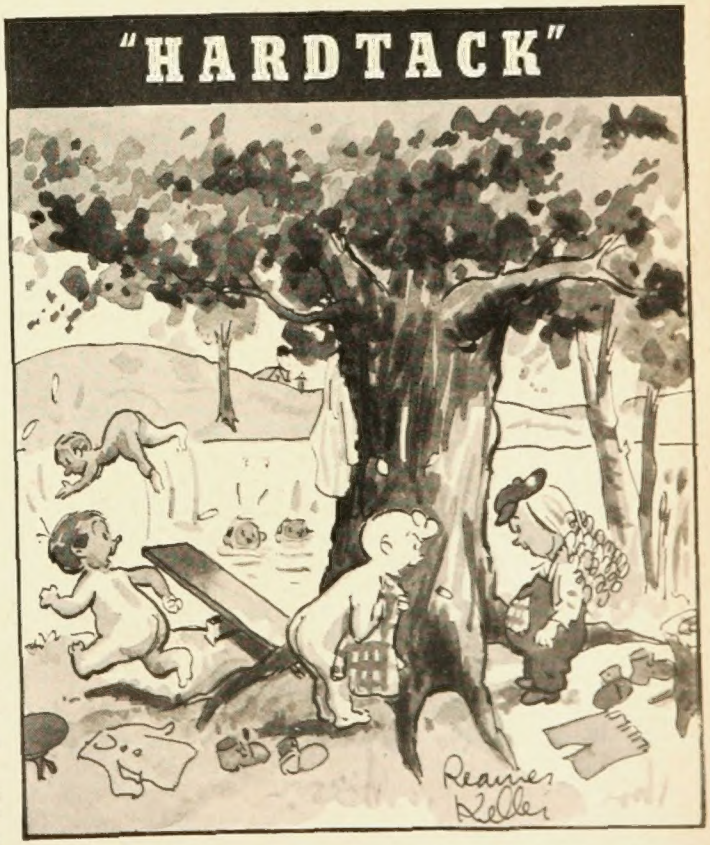
And cultivate a sense of humor. There's the whole secret. Had Hitler a sense of humor, see what the world

would have gained, and the tragedy averted.—*E. C. Barney.*

BATTLE OF TWIN CITIES

ST. PAUL, MINN.—As to what Mr. Reilly said about that place across the river (July 20 Vox Pop), all I can say is, "Ain't it the truth!"

There certainly are many places to see in St. Paul, "the Gateway to the Great Northwest." Especially should one see the Greater St. Paul Winter Sports Carnival, alongside of which the Minneapolis summer festival is no more than an empty-lot carnival! —*G. Carlson.*



"Good gosh, Tubby, you scared us! How much longer is your mother goin' to make you wear those curls?"

On to Gravy!

FULTON OURSLER

THIS, THE TITLE of an article in Liberty next week, should be, according to Yankee Stade, and probably is, the subconscious slogan of the college football teams. We are in the period of pigskin madness; from now on, our stadia will be filled with pretty girls and howling fans, and football will be more important than Mr. Hitler's latest hollering in the Reichstag. Yankee Stade takes his football seriously, and he has some criticisms to offer, not all of which you have heard before. As a prelude to the football season, this article is important not only to football fans but to every lover of sports.

AMONG THE OTHER FEATURES to which we especially direct your attention are two first-rate short stories: Forsaking All Others, by Phyllis Duganne; You Don't Understand Love, by Francis M. Cockrell; and a group of exciting articles that includes Hollywood Hostess, by Frederick Lewis, which is a revealing portrayal of one of the most interesting women in the cinema capital—Mrs. Basil Rathbone; Should the Schools Teach Sex? by Ann L. Crockett; Is Hitler Militarizing Mexico? by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., a first-hand survey of startling conditions and the menace below the Rio Grande; and a most disheartening but illuminating dose of disillusion by Representative Robert F. Jones of Ohio, called Who Pays for the New Deal's Propaganda? Then, of course, there are generous installments of Pendergast Is Free!, The Fun I've Had, by Bayard Veiller, Lightning in the Night, and the final installment—here's where you find out who did the ugly deed—of Who Killed This Woman? by Harriette Ashbrook.

ATTENTION, J. EDGAR HOOVER: James Murphy of 2066 Baxterly Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio, writes: "Would you be kind enough to carry on your editorial page suggestions to readers as to correct procedure in reporting activities of fifth and sixth columnists? Namely, Nazis and Communists. Also, suggestions to Senate members to kill the La Follette Bill, S-1970, which would put saboteurs in an exempt class, outside legal penalties. The La Follette Bill, as my representative tells me, ties the hands of an employer so that he is limited in dealing with sabotage in his factories. Sabotage takes many forms. After completing school I took my first job as chief inspector in a shell factory in the East. We were making the 155-mm. shell. Our schedule called for 2,800 shells a day, but due to sabotage we never produced more than 1,500 a day. Some of the sabotage was simple, such as dropping a wrench or a leather glove in a gear box and wrecking a lathe or a bander. One of the German agents was more subtle. He would take several of the foremen down to the saloon and get them drunk. While they were gone some of the stooges would wreck the equipment. One morning when I came in, a whole department was down. Twenty profilers were out of commission, with wrecked gear boxes. Wrenches, gloves, scrap iron, rags, and wire were taken out of these machines at damaged points. A message of warning should go to all employers to be on the lookout for sabotage. It shows up in many places. The wrong men hired by the employment office. Inspectors who pass defective material and parts. Competent men who turn incompetent. A skilled man is shoved into a machine and hurt. A truck driver steals a box of repair parts. Management must ever be on the alert to stamp it out."

HAROLD WISE WAS TALKING the other day about the practice of charity rackets. He thinks that Liberty should agitate for some sort of control and has a very simple solution. Why not have the net percentage for charity printed right on the ticket so that the purchaser would know how much was donated actually to charity and how much to professional sales organizations? Pretty good idea. . . . G. C. Konkler of Mena, Arkansas, does not like the idea, recently quoted in this column, of publishing the names of voters who do not vote. He thinks it smacks too much of force. "On the other hand, you might honestly think both candidates were rotten, so you just wouldn't go out to vote. In your own way you might be doing much more than many saps who march down to the polls and vote the way the ward henchman tells them. Sure, I lived in Chicago for nine years." Well, that is another point of view, one well worth considering. . . . Good for the Junior Hadassah, which recently issued a statement about the American Youth Congress. "We decry the silence of the Assembly and the Cabinet on Russia's invasion of Finland." Evidently the Junior Hadassah, which with its twenty thousand members is the largest Jewish youth organization in America, has discovered that the American Youth Congress is a Communist front organization, nothing more nor less.

LISTENED WITH DELIGHT, not long ago, to Joe E. Brown, famous comedian and one of the most lovable of men, tell a story on himself. A little girl had gone to see his Elmer the Great. When she came out of the theater, she said to her mother, "Mama, is Joe E. Brown a good man?" "I am sure of it," said her mother. "Do you think he will go to heaven?" "Undoubtedly," said mother. "Oh, mommy—won't God laugh when He sees him!" said the little girl.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY HERMAN E. BISCHOFF

NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE POLAR BEAR

CLARK: What's wrong with this picture?

MARK: The dark background. Mother bear is too wise to expose her fleecy white cubs like that.

CLARK: Right! She's careful to keep them against a light background of snow or ice.

MARK: Makes them hard to see. Shields them from the hunter.

CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

protects the flavor and good taste of Calvert Whiskey

CLARK: Here's another fine example of Protective Blending. This exclusive Calvert method certainly *does* something for this mellow whiskey.

MARK: Sure adds a lot of enjoyment to this whiskey collins. Do you blame me for recommending it to my friends?

BUY BETTER WHISKEY— BUY CALVERT

"RESERVE": Millions gladly pay a little more for this *richer* premium blend.

"SPECIAL": Favorite of millions who prefer a *lighter* whiskey. Costs a little less.

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS)
CALL FOR Calvert

BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

"IT'S THOSE EXTRA MILES PER HOUR THAT COUNT WITH ME"

says WILBUR SHAW—
3-Time Winner of the
500-Mile Speed Classic

"AND IT'S THOSE EXTRAS OF SLOWER BURNING I LIKE ABOUT CAMEL CIGARETTES"

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

SLIPPERY TURNS at 120 miles per hour! Hub to hub duels at 150! For 500 blistering, nerve-wracking miles—laboratory equivalent of 50,000 highway driving miles. Yes, it's America's most thrilling classic of auto speed. It's also a proving ground of your safer and more efficient car of tomorrow. For the aerodynamic design, high-compression motor, the safety glass of your car today had their testing at the hands of these daring men. And, three times, Wilbur Shaw (*above*) has come through with the extra degree of mechanical perfection—the extra daring and extra skill—that wins. He *has* the *"extras"*... he *appreciates* the extras... in cigarettes, too. Wilbur Shaw smokes Camels.

CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME THE EXTRA MILDNESS AND EXTRA FLAVOR I WANT FOR STEADY SMOKING. CAMELS EVEN GIVE ME EXTRA SMOKING

WITH WILBUR SHAW—with millions of others—the "extras" in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking and smoking pleasure at its best. Cigarettes that burn fast, burn *hot*. And that excess heat destroys flavor. Light up a *slow*-burning Camel ... and get the "extras"—*even extra smoking* (see right).

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING

CAMELS

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